THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

September, 1804.

LADY HEATHCOTE.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

THIS Portrait is a fine representation of the Lady of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. and the daughter of the Right Honorable Lady Louisa Manners. Her Ladyship is highly celebrated in the ranks of fashion, for the elegance and splendor of her entertainments: she lately gave a ball and supper at her house in Grosvenor-Square, to two hundred persons of the first rank and fashion. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was almost the first who graced her Ladyship's splendid rooms. The decorations were worthy of such a guest. The finest flowers perfumed the air: the splendor of the furniture, the blaze of beauty, and the dazzling of the lights, all combined to give it the appearance of a perfect paradise. At two o'clock, the company sat down to supper, which was hot, with a profusion of ices, and the choicest fruits, pines, &c. &c. The Gold-Room was prepared for the Prince and his party. Here magnificence knew no bounds. The table was served in gold; Art and Nature exhausted all their stores to decorate it: and the company departed with regret from this Temple of Fashion inhabited by the Graces.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXIII.

ENAMOURED of the charms of nature, I have constantly made it a practice to spend some part of the summer in the country, among fields, and gardens, and groves, and streams; from the enjoyment of which I return to my usual place of abode, with renovated health and spirits, and seldom without a new stock of ideas and pleasing recollections, on which to indulge during the winter.

This season I have already twice or thrice changed my station, having been honoured with several pressing invitations, which inclination, as well as civility, obliged me to accept; and I cannot help remarking on the different modes in which the young females of the families in which I have already visited, spend their time, which, exhibited by way of contrast, will, I flatter myself, be of some service to those who may feel the vacuity of rural enjoyments, or want an example to direct them in filling up their hours to advantage. Nor will it be imagined by my friends, to whom I am unknown in my *public* capacity, that I have violated the rites of hospitality by my censures, or that I mean to flatter by my praise. I shall forbear to mention real names and places; and the strictures which originated from the contemplation of a few, will, I doubt not, be found applicable to thousands, and thus prevent the possibility of detection.

In the family of Mr. Townly, to which I paid the first visit, I found an agreeable mother and three beautiful daughters, who having been already three weeks in the country when I arrived, had exhausted all the rural amusements of which their tastes seemed to be susceptible, and who were as much delighted with the presence of a new comer to keep off *ennui*, as if they had been shut up in a prison, or confined to their rooms by the most inclement season of the

year, instead of being invited to behold Nature in all her beauty, and the various occupations in which rustics run their cheerful round. At first, they told me, they received some gratification from walks and rambles in the vicinity, from giving and receiving calls of ceremony, and from little domestic employments, which a six months residence in town had rendered necessary for their comfortable continuance in the country; but having seen all that could be seen, adjusted the forms of rural intercourse, and provided what their situation required, they felt time hang so heavy on their hands, that, unless it was relieved by the coming and going of visitors, or they could invent some new mode of killing it, they must be obliged, in order to render life supportable, to set out for some watering place, and just make another short sojourn at the family mansion, before the London season commenced, where alone they expected to find pleasure. I endeavoured to console them; and, without exposing their want of taste, was at some pains to shew how days, and weeks, and months, might be spent in the country, not only without languor, but with perfect enjoyment; but, when I talked of the charms of nature, of singing birds, purling streams, and opening flowers; when I descanted on the pleasure and improvement to be derived from reading and conversation, they were ready to yawn in my face, and convinced me most sensibly, that they had no relish for my prescription. I then asked if they had ever tried to find amusement from the exercise of benevolence; from visiting the cottagers in their neighbourhood, disposing of their superfluities in relieving the needy, raising the sick, or instructing the young. But to this they answered, that, though they studied to do all the good in their power, through the medium of their servants, and attended to every representation of distress which came to them by those means, they had no idea of converting their house into an hospital, or of acquiring the character of *nurses*

and *Lady Bountifuls.* It was in vain to argue further; I plainly perceived they were out of their element in the country, and that they were averse to learn the art of rendering it a source of pleasure to themselves, and of profit to others. During my short stay with them, I exerted myself to the utmost, to render my company agreeable, and to convince them how happy I felt myself; but they stared with surprise when I told them, at dinner, in what way I had spent my mornings; and seemed to pity my want of spirit, when I named my favourite pursuits and amusements. In a few days after I left them, I found they had set out on a tour of Wales, which was to consume the remainder of the summer; and Townly Hall was left to the enjoyment of two or three old servants, who never wished to stir beyond its peaceful precincts.

My next visit was to the lovely and sensible daughters of Mr. Homely, a widower about sixty years of age, who recounts it among the memorable æras of his life, that he visited London about thirty years ago, soon after he was married; and who declares he was so weary of a ten day's residence in it, that nothing but the most urgent business should prevail on him to see it a second time. Yet, though he has constantly resided in the country, he has contracted no rusticity of manners; and is much better informed respecting passing events, than many who think themselves at the fountain-head of intelligence. His family consists of two unmarried daughters and a son; and if ever Happiness took up her abode with mortals, I must say it is in the bosom of this affectionate groupe, who never feel a vacant hour from the performance of some duty, and who derive their principal pleasure from active utility.

While Mr. Homely and his son are superintending a large and beautiful farm, which they keep in their own hands, and which at once yields them pleasure and profit, the daughters are alternately engaged in domestic

domestic arrangements, in reading, working, drawing, botanizing, and walking. After making provision for the daily wants of the family, in which they combine elegance with economy, they devote a few hours to the improvement of their minds, or the amusement of their visitors. In the evening, the whole party walk a round of charity; not sauntering about within the limits of the pleasure grounds, but calling on their poor labourers and tenants, inquiring into their wants, hearing their complaints, favouring them with their advice, when advice can be of service, and supplying their wants, not with a wasteful liberality, but in the manner best adapted to the exigencies intended to be relieved. Not an eye sees this benevolent family, but glistens with joy at their approach; not an ear hears them, but blesses their labours of love. Except on particular occasions, they seldom travel farther than the next market town; yet they are by no means averse to society; and within a very few miles of their residence, they have an agreeable circle of friends, in visiting and being visited by whom, they receive a heart-felt satisfaction. No ceremonious scruples, no expensive preparations, prevent their frequent intercourse; no hurry or confusion is observed, if a stranger accidentally arrives; every thing proceeds in its regular course, the same as before; and neither business, nor pleasure, neither the calls of duty, nor the claims of benevolence, suffer any interruption; while every person who visits this hospitable mansion, from the particular notice he receives, might be tempted to think himself the sole object of regard. So much indeed depends on method, such happy effects arise from activity of mind, combined with sweetness of disposition, that life to some is a round of pleasure, which to others would present only vexation and torment.

Here I have already spent several weeks, without seeing a melancholy face, or feeling a heavy hour.

But the time is speedily approaching, when I must bid adieu to my estimable friends at Homely Place; and if I meet with any thing worthy of observation in the remainder of my summer tour of visits, it will afford me pleasure to lay it before my readers. It is not improbable, indeed, that my next paper may be a continuation of the present subject; but in this I must be guided by circumstances, and the hope of being an useful monitor, or an amusing narrator of what strikes me as likely to please.

PORTRAIT of the CONTESSE DE BREGY.

Drawn by Herself.

[From Memoirs of celebrated Women, by Mrs. PILKINGTON.]

MY person is neither too large nor too small, and perfectly well-proportioned. I have a certain negligent air, which convinces me, that I am one of the finest women of my size. My hair is brown, and glossy; my complexion, clear and smooth; the form of my face oval, and all my features perfectly regular. I have fine eyes, in which there is a certain mixture of colour which renders them brilliant and sparkling. My nose is of a pleasing form: my mouth indeed is not the smallest, but perfectly pleasing, both as to colour and shape; and as to my teeth, they are exquisitely beautiful, and allowed to be the finest in the world. My neck is equally beautiful; and as to my hands and arms, they are delicately white. All these are accompanied with a lively and delicate air; and my glass persuades me I can see nothing superior to myself. As to my mind, it appears to me, that others are more able to judge of it than myself; as there are no mirrors to reflect it to my sight; but it appears to me *delicate, sensible, solid,* and *reasonable.* As to my humour, I love to be praised, which makes me return with interest all the civil things which are said to me. I am naturally

proud and haughty, but I can be soft and obliging when I please. I never contradict or oppose the sentiments of others; and I can with truth declare, that I was born both modest and discreet. I am very indolent, and very proud, and take no pains to sue for favour, not even by the means of flattery. I neither seek pleasure nor amusement; yet I am infinitely obliged to those who take the trouble of procuring them for me. I appear gay and lively; but I take care never to offend any person, unless obliged by ill conduct, and then I prefer raillery to resentment. I have an aversion to mimicry, because it begins with our enemies, and ends with our best friends. I have no turn for intrigue: I am resolute and persevering, even to obstinacy; and those who wish to form a friendship with me, must be at the trouble of making all the advances themselves; but, in return, I would endeavour to make them full amends, as I omit no opportunity of serving those for whom I have a friendship and esteem. I praise them, and defend them to the utmost; and time, which too often effaces the remembrance of friendship in the minds of others, strengthens it in mine. I am truly disinterested, but at the same time not easily to be duped: I never make choice of persons for my friends because they can be serviceable to me; but if they neglect to do it when they have the power, I think them no longer entitled to my friendship or esteem. I am not devout, though it has all my life been my wish to become so. I am greatly struck with the merits of others, which frequently induces me to form too high an opinion of my own. I observe most religiously to keep my promise, and do not easily forgive a breach of it towards myself. I am truly sorry that many of my faults proceed from pride, but none from meanness; and since I am not able to conquer that pride which governs the greater part of my actions, I employ it for those purposes which put me in a condition of appearing without shame or confusion to myself.

ON

ON FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

"FASHIONABLE Follies!" methinks I hear some fair reader exclaim;—"'tis an unpromising title for attracting notice!" This I will readily grant; yet I cannot persuade myself to alter it; since folly, whether it come under the denomination of *fashionable*, or not, is open to censure, and always considered as liable to be animadverted upon. "There are," says a celebrated author, "in every age, new errors to be rectified, and new follies to be opposed;" and we cannot but allow, that, though invention often produces what is really beneficial, it is no less fertile in producing new crimes, and new caprices. Yet I cannot help thinking that novelty will more particularly apply to the follies, rather than to the errors, which are discoverable in the world, since the latter do not admit of so many variations. The proneness in human nature to err, has continued in one unceasing round, and been productive of nearly the same effects, however the particular incidents connected with them may have been diversified; but, with regard to what may be termed the follies of this motley world, being of a lighter texture, they spread into various branches, and compose an infinite variety.

Every age has been distinguished by its peculiar follies; and in these ingenious times, when invention may be said to have arrived at maturity, every day produces something to add to the list of what has gone before. These follies, which only last while they have novelty to recommend them, and then are disregarded, and soon forgotten, may be said to owe their attractions to Fashion—a name held in such universal estimation, that it can make things, which would otherwise seem trifling and ridiculous, swell into the most momentous importance, and become universally admired and imitated.

In the earlier ages of mankind, one may easily suppose that the invention of our ancestors was sufficiently

ficiently employed in devising and improving conveniences, or what were in themselves of real utility: thus, though they were likewise employed in the exercise of novel inventions, it had always some tendency to what was intrinsically useful. This is beautifully touched upon by Cowper, when "singing the Sopha."

> "Thus first Necessity invented stools;
> "Convenience next suggested elbow chairs,
> "And Luxury th' accomplish'd Sopha last;"

all equally tending to the "soft recumbency of outstretched limbs," though in progressive degrees of improvement and elegance.

To the more refined genius which distinguishes the present age, it was reserved to extend such confined limits: when invention being racked for every thing that could add to ease or to pleasure, till nothing more remained to be done, and yet all this without having extinguished the insatiable thirst for novelty, it became necessary to give up the old-fashioned excuse of pointing out the useful properties of a new invention; and it was considered as quite a sufficient apology for producing it, that it had the recommendations of being *new* and *fashionable*. Who could resist two such powerful incitements? and who, in their eagerness to be the first possessors of such a treasure, could stay to consider whether it was ever intended, or could possibly be applied, to any useful purpose?

This opened a wide field for ingenuity to display itself in—yet the cravings of Fashion could not be satisfied here. Fashion is so imperious a master, that whatever it demands of its votaries, is instantly complied with, though each one flatters himself that the sacrifice is a voluntary one: it can make the greatest deprivations and inconveniencies become easy and palatable, and reconcile us to the greatest incongruities; 'tis the magical ingredient which makes whatever is tinctured with it, slip down pleasantly, and even deliciously.

Among

Among the numerous absurdities which may be classed under the denomination of *Fashionable Follies*, as being unconnected with any useful or rational purpose, there is one which I cannot help remarking on, and which must, I think, be considered as peculiar to the present day—not exactly as a novel invention—the novelty in this case being in the application of it. What I refer to, is the prevailing foible of affecting to be short-sighted, and of its becoming fashionable for the youthful and tonish part, more especially of the male sex, to encrease their speculative powers by the hitherto ancient privilege of wearing spectacles. That we are all of us sufficiently *short-sighted*, is pretty evident; but it does not seem equally clear that the species of short-sightedness which spectacles may be supposed to remedy, has any thing of an epidemical nature in it, or should prevail more generally at one time than another; more especially among those who, from certain old-fashioned notions, may be supposed to require them the least.

There cannot, I conceive, be a more undeniable proof of the prevalence of Fashion, than when it can make those in the prime of life and health, imitate the infirmities of age; and take up voluntarily as an ornament, what was formerly reluctantly resorted to when they could no longer be dispensed with. It was one of those tokens by which the ravages of time could not be concealed; for though grey hairs might be discarded, and youthful ringlets supply their place, yet this could not be remedied any other way.

Though there are many, doubtless, who think nothing further of these new-thought-of face ornaments, when they put them on, than that they have seen many very fashionable people wear them, who, nevertheless, could see better without them, yet there are others who, perhaps, do not use them without design. There are some who, I cannot help thinking, suppose that, by this contrivance, they appear to derive a certain degree of penetrating acuteness they would

would not otherwise seem to possess; and that, as many knowing men have a way, when considering any subject, particularly puzzling or abstruse, of nearly shutting their eyes, (by way, perhaps of shewing that they can see better with them half shut than others can with them wide open,) so these imagine that, to peer through a pair of glasses, manifests in them an extraordinary degree of speculative wisdom; or, perhaps, giving themselves full credit for possessing more than common sagacity, they conclude that, as an astronomer makes use of a telescope to assist him in contemplating the radiance of the heavens, so they must use more than natural means to observe the common occurrences which the world presents to their view.

There are others, perhaps, who having conceived very *enlarged* ideas of the advantages which a little assurance gives them in their advances towards the fair sex, find themselves not a little benefited by this magical kind of aid; and (to compare great things with small) as the immortal Garrick first met the public eye under the protection of a black countenance, so these humble imitators find it much easier (being, perhaps, but in their noviciate) to put on a confident look, and stare a modest young woman out of countenance with such an assistance, than venturing on a *rencontré* with the naked eye.

It is probable there are others, indued with more modesty than the class last mentioned, have resorted to them as a means of safety; since it is admitted, that Love makes his entrance through the eyes to the heart; and taking, perhaps, the idea from the celebrated Gulliver, who put on his spectacles to secure his occult faculties from the missile weapons of his potent enemies the Blefuscans, think it not impolitic to use the same means of defence as a baricado against the radiant eyes they are liable to have levelled at them; prudently reflecting, that a glance from a fair pair of eyes, must, by having to penetrate through such an obstruction, come with diminished force to the grand citadel the heart. Though this cannot be considered

considered as a motive of great bravery, yet it is, perhaps, the only way in which they can be considered as of any utility; since it is warding off a species of attack, which, though not, perhaps, so destructive, as being "made the mark of smoky muskets," has nevertheless done considerable execution.

It would give me considerable pleasure to be able to exonerate the fair sex from any participation in this purblind species of affectation; yet, though it should seem as universally received among them, that their beauty would gain but little augmentation by the use of so singular an ornament, they nevertheless appear to have imbibed, in some degree, the fashionable propensity of viewing the world through a glass. Yet I must do them the justice to acknowledge, it only comes into use when any thing appears to require a minuter inspection than ordinary. They are, doubtless, well aware, they can make a much more effectual use of their eyes when divested of such an obscurity to their brightness; the partial use they make of glasses, serving only, by way of contrast, to make the glance more keenly felt, when the impediment is removed.

Upon the whole, I think it is evident, that being short-sighted as proceeding from a defect of the *intellects*, may be considered as much a disease as when proceeding from a defect of the *eyes;* and I should not, I think, be acting candidly, did I not, after expatiating on the disease, endeavour to prescribe a remedy. This might, perhaps, easily be accomplished, by applying to the part affected a small portion of *common sense;* an ingredient of inestimable virtue when Fashion so far over-runs its bounds as to subvert Nature. It would, I am persuaded, work a perfect cure, and, agreeable to Hamlet's observation to Osrick, "The hat where it ought to be—'tis for the head,"—would lead them to coincide with me in saying, "Spectacles to their proper purpose"—that is, to be used by those who cannot do without them.

Aug. 1804. HENRICUS.

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. VII.

[Continued from page 19.]

O fairest, while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel;
Dark, e'en at noontide, is our mortal sphere,
But let us hope; to doubt is to rebel:
Let us exult in HOPE, and all may yet be well.
BEATTIE.

THE arrival of Lord Edmund occasioned the greatest surprise at Clifford Castle. Drelingforth received him with much shew of joy; and Margaretta strove not to suppress the emotions of pleasure his presence excited. After a short time given to paternal solicitude, Lord Edmund mentioned the friend who accompanied him, who was staying at a cottage near the Castle, waiting to be favored with a private audience of the Duke, having tidings of importance to communicate. Drelingforth made various inquiries concerning him, but seemed to receive little satisfaction from the answers of Grafton. At length he desired that the stranger might be sent for. Del Marino, who was present, seemed anxiously curious to know the result of the business: and when Grafton retired, observed to the Duke, that, as some treachery might be intended, he would remain within hearing. The Duke assented to this proposal; and when the stranger was announced, withdrew into an adjoining apartment to receive him. Drelingforth surveyed his visitor with looks of anxious inquiry. At the first glance his features changed: a cold trembling seized him, and he retreated a few paces in astonishment. "Henry," said the stranger, "do you know me? Has your heart still one vulnerable part to feel for the sorrows of an injured brother?" The Duke heard no more; a deep groan was all the sound that escaped

him, and he sunk, convulsed with horror, upon the earth. At that moment Del Marino rushed in: his livid countenance betrayed rage and terror: he drew a dagger from his bosom, and plunged it in the side of the unfortunate stranger. Drelingforth still remained insensible, uttering terrible cries, which soon brought the domestics into the room. Del Marino, with astonishing presence of mind, ordered them to seize on the stranger, and convey him to a place of security. "My trembling hand," said he, "refused its office. His wound is but slight. The wretch would have murdered your lord, but that Heaven ordained me to be the means of his preservation. With his own murderous weapon, I would have avenged my friend." Villain!" cried the fainting stranger, "the Heaven you blaspheme knows the falsehood of that charge; yet tremble, for the hour of oppression is at an end: thy crimes will yet be punished." "Admirable hypocrisy," said Del Marino. "Take him away; I shudder to behold him; I will attend to my friend. Send Monmouth to me." The dismayed servants obeyed his orders; and the Castle was soon a scene of confusion. The Duke's disorder proved obstinate; his senses were touched; and it was impossible for any one to obtain a rational answer from him. He frequently mentioned Osborne; which gave rise to the conjecture that the Duke's mysterious ward was concerned in the transaction; and this conjecture was confirmed by the letters which Grafton delivered to his son and Lady Alexina, and occasioned the answer from the latter, which caused poor Osborne such anguish of mind. Determined to vindicate himself at all events, he packed up his papers, and repaired, with all possible expedition, to Clifford Castle. When admitted into the presence of the Duchess, he fell at her feet, and with tears assured her of his innocence. "Unhappy youth," said Margaretta, raising him, "what am I to think? The prisoner who attempted the life of Drelingforth, asserts, that he is the

the real Duke; that he is your father, and the brother of my husband. Such an absurd claim could only be supported by the most horrible measures. Nor can I hope to find you innocent, since years of disguise and fraud have inured you to the art of deceiving others!"

"It is true," said Osborne, "every circumstance is against me. I read in your eyes, that your heart would plead in my behalf. These papers are all I have to offer in my defence: if they do not clear me from the imputation of intentional deceit, I must rest wholly upon the mercy of my persecutors. Can I see the prisoner, Madam?" "I believe not," replied the Duchess. "Del Marino has charge of him; and has ordered that no one shall have access to him till he is regularly brought to trial, which will shortly take place, if he recovers."

"Well, Madam," returned Osborne, sighing, "I must submit. In confiding this packet to you, I place my destiny in your hands. But tell me, I conjure you, does Lady Alexina take no interest in my fate?" "Whatever the secret thought of my daughter may be," replied Margaretta, "she has too much respect for her family, to let concern for an unworthy object disturb her peace, or betray her from her duty." "You are right, Madam, to check my presumption," cried Osborne, indignantly; "but you are ungenerous to condemn unheard. I find I have little to hope for."

"You have every thing to hope for, if your cause is just. Remain here while I peruse these papers. I will then advise you for the best." The Duchess then withdrew, leaving Osborne in a state of the most painful uncertainty; and shutting herself up in her chamber, perused the following narrative.

"Donna Paulina was the only daughter of the rich Don Guzman of Seville. At the age of sixteen, her father sanctioned the addresses of the Marquis del Marino; and Paulina, knowing no preference, readily

assented to the proposals of her friend's brother. From the earliest infancy of Paulina and Agnes, they were united in the closest bonds of affection; nor could the name of sister add any strength to their tried friendship. Agnes, who knew the failings of Del Marino, was too generous to conceal them from her friend; and a secret repugnance gradually rose in the mind of Paulina, as the day of their union drew near. About this time the young Duke of Drelingforth, with his brother Henry, making the continental tour, arrived at Seville: they were introduced to Don Guzman, who paid them every polite attention. Drelingforth was captivated with the person and manners of Paulina, nor was Henry less pleased with the more humble Agnes. Alas! Osborne, in mortified vanity I write: these fragile remains of your supposed mother can hardly give you an idea of the thoughtless, conceited Agnes. Paulina loved me; she was blind to my foibles, and that very indulgence confirmed me in them. The flattering attentions of the young Englishman were received with undisguised pleasure, and too soon I perceived Paulina was not less susceptible of the Duke's attractions. Her choice was sanctioned by merit; mine too fatally was but personally justified. Henry was a young libertine. He became the friend of my brother, if I may so call the companion of his excesses; and while Del Marino flattered himself with the prospect of an eligible establishment for a portionless sister, Henry basely robbed her of her only possession—virtue. Dreading a discovery which would subject him to the uncontrouled resentment of my brother, Henry urged me to conceal myself; to which I, timid in guilt, assented, and to Paulina only confided the secret of my retreat. Del Marino was greatly enraged at my elopement, yet suspected not his friend; and pursuit of me was soon diverted by a new discovery. The Duke had been successful in persuading Paulina to a secret marriage; trusting that a fond

fond father would not withhold his forgiveness, as his daughter had chosen a man of probity, rank, and fortune. In this they were unhappily mistaken: the old man was inflexible, and turned Paulina from his house; while my brother, finding himself duped, vowed the bitterest vengeance, while, with treachery unequalled, he strove to inspire the weak-minded Henry with the same sentiments. The unhappy Paulina concealed herself at the house of a friend. Her husband paid her the tenderest attention, and anxiously hastened her preparations for their departure to England. Henry, however, made continual delays, till the situation of Paulina rendered it absolutely necessary to depart immediately. I accompanied my friend, in the disguise of a peasant, to the vessel; while her husband and Henry were engaged on shore with Del Marino. She wildly clasped her arms round me, and entreated me to be the companion of a voyage which to her seemed full of peril. My heart bounded at the request; and my passage was taken as her servant. At a late hour my brother came on board with Henry: they were both in a state of inebriation. The Duke did not accompany them. Paulina inquired for her husband; and Del Marino, with much seeming concern, told her, that the Duke, having made too free with the bottle on taking leave of his friends, they were under the necessity of letting him remain on shore that night; but that he would certainly be with them early in the morning. Satisfied with this intelligence, Paulina retired to rest; though I thought I read in the features of my brother, more than I dared make known to her. My conjectures were too soon confirmed. At an early hour I went on deck, and perceived we had left land far behind us. The motion of the vessel confirmed Paulina in the dreadful truth, and her agony was indescribable. In the anguish of the moment, my secret was discovered; and Henry reproached me with having disguised myself with the purpose of pursuing

him to England; at the same time giving me to understand, that my scheme was as unworthy of myself as it would be unavailing. His late neglect had, in a great measure, alienated my affections from him, but his cruel insults almost deprived me of reason; and, but for the alarming situation of my unhappy friend, I had buried my shame and sorrows in the ocean. We were landed at Leith. Paulina was in a high fever, and it was deemed necessary to allow her a few days rest. She continually called for the Duke; and Del Marino at length informed her, that he had been unfortunately engaged in a quarrel the night of their departure, which had cost him his life. The apprehensions of Paulina had already anticipated this intelligence, and her only solace seemed in my company. This satisfaction they did not deprive us of; but repaired to the Castle, to arrange, as they said, every thing for our reception; leaving us at the Captain's house, who undertook to provide every thing for our accommodation. Weeks passed away, yet we heard not of our expected removal; during which interval, I gave birth to a daughter; and the confinement of my friend was an event hourly expected. Happily I recovered in time to attend upon her; and, with heartfelt pleasure, I dispatched a messenger to the Castle, with intelligence that she was delivered of a son. But my joy was soon changed to the deepest sorrow, when, on the second day, the exhausted Paulina expired in my arms. From that hour her infant derived nourishment from my bosom, and as my own I have ever loved the orphan Osborne, named after his unfortunate father. My affection for this babe made the loss of my own less afflictive to me; it was a memorial of disgrace, and Heaven signified its displeasure, by removing it from me. The child of misfortune took place of the child of guilt; and I bedewed thy smiling face, Osborne, with tears of penitence and anguish. The arrival of a courier from the Castle, reminded me of my own destitute

situation.

situation. The person who brought my brother's letter, was Mr. Moreland, an esteemed servant of the late Duke's. Del Marino desired, in peremptory terms, that I would immediately send the child to the Castle, where it should be properly taken care of; but that, for myself, a suitable provision should be allowed me by his friend, on condition that I would return to my own country, or settle in any part distant from the Castle. This was a death-blow to all my hopes. To be separated from my darling Osborne, was a trial I could not endure; and, in the phrenzy of the moment, a wild scheme struck my imagination, which I hastily put in execution. I placed my child in the coffin of Paulina, and taking Moreland into the chamber of death, desired him to separate them if he pleased. The young man seemed shocked at the thoughts of removing the lifeless infant, and turning to me with a significant look, said, "The will of Providence is not to be disputed, Madam. The death of this child, however distressing to you, may be the means of preserving others from guilt, and future misery." His words struck me forcibly: his suspicions seemed to accord with my own; and I was delighted with the stratagem I had used. Moreland was satisfied that it was the corpse of the young heir that he beheld, and gave orders for the bodies to be inclosed in a leaden coffin, and conveyed to the Castle. A thousand apprehensions filled my mind least the deceit should be detected. Moreland, by order of his master, presented me with a hundred pounds, which necessity induced me to accept; and at parting, I desired him to inform Del Marino, that, as soon as my health was re-established, I should return to Seville. This, however, was not my intention: I resolved, if possible, to watch the conduct of the new Duke; and for your sake, Osborne, I determined to brave every danger. I deprived you of your inheritance through a selfish motive at first, which has, I am persuaded, been the means of preserving

your

your life." Margaretta laid aside the papers with horror: her husband had never been an object likely to engage her esteem; he now seemed a monster of vice in her eyes. Her reflections were too painful to support, and she was almost unable to continue the perusal of a recital which filled her with the most dreadful apprehensions. She no longer doubted that the stranger was the Duke of Drelingforth, and she trembled in anticipation of the disgrace which would overwhelm her family on a disclosure of past transactions. *(To be continued.)*

ON HUMANITY.

HUMANITY is a high and important virtue, founded on a nobleness of soul of the first species; but how is it to be known whether a man performs certain actions from this warm and generous motive, or from a cold sense of duty? Good works certainly do not always proceed from motives completely virtuous. The bosom of a man, whose mind is constantly immersed in the corrupted currents of the world, is generally shut against every thing that is truly good; he may, however, sometimes do good without being virtuous; for he may be great in his actions, though little in his heart. Virtue is a quality much more rare than is generally imagined; and therefore the words, *humanity, virtue, patriotism,* and many others of similar kinds, should be used with greater caution than they usually are, in the intercourses of mankind. It is only upon particular occasions that they ought to be called forth; for, by making them too familiar, their real import is weakened, and the sense of those excellent qualities they express, in a great degree destroyed. Who would not blush to be called *learned* or *humane,* when he hears the most ignorant complimented on their knowledge, and "*the well-known humanity*" of the most atrocious villain lavishly praised? Z.

THE INEXPERIENCED TRAVELLER.

[Continued from page 122]

THE landlord of the inn to which my friend had recommended me, had received intimation of my intended journey to town, and accosted me with that air of humility and politeness, which convinced me that he was solicitous to oblige.

"From Mr. Hamilton's letter, Sir, (said he,) I understand you are unacquainted with London. Any information that is in my power to give, you may command; yet, in this great town Sir, you will find many who are ready to offer you their friendship, but it will be necessary for you to be upon *your guard*.

"Upon my *guard!* against *whom?*" I inquired, in a tone of astonishment. "Against a variety of deceptious characters, Sir, (replied he,) with which this place abounds, who will easily discover your ignorance of the impositions which they practise, and, unless you are cautious, will certainly make *you* their *dupe*." As my landlord said this, a waiter summoned him into another apartment. A new train of ideas rushed upon my mind, and I began to enquire within myself whether it were possible that I had already been *deceived*. Charmed as I had been by the *preference* shown me by *Fanny Middleton*, yet some degree of astonishment had been excited by the familiarity of her address; but as I was totally ignorant of the manners of the world, I dare not suffer myself to disapprove that which those better acquainted with it might deem fashionable and polite.

I had been informed by my friend Hamilton, that my intelligent landlord had lived butler in a nobleman's family many years; and having travelled with them into different countries, he had consequently obtained some knowlege of mankind. I therefore resolved to make him acquainted with the preceding day's adventures, and inquire whether he thought

thought it possible that I had been deceived; as I really began to consider it rather extraordinary, that persons of *such consequence* should have *travelled* in a *stage*. He soon after re-entered the parlour, to say that he feared my luggage had not been booked; and that my portmanteau must have been left, by some accident, at the inn where I had slept.

Upon my informing him that I had not encumbered myself with luggage, the honest fellow expressed his surprise, and told me, that in London I should find *dress absolutely necessary*, if I wished to obtain admission into genteel life. He went farther than this; for, with several apologies, he assured me, that my present appearance would lead me into inconveniencies for which I was not prepared; "For I assure you, Sir, (said he,) there are a set of sharpers in this city, who support themselves entirely by the credulity of mankind. These fellows frequent the coffee-rooms of every inn of note in the Metropolis: They will discover the proper tools for them to work with by the very cut of a coat; and it is not three weeks ago, since a young gentleman, who had never before been in London, was cheated by them in this house of near three hundred pounds."

"Good God, Sir! (I exclaimed,) do you tolerate such iniquity? I understood that the police of London was the best regulated of any city in the world; yet your magistrates suffer a set of harpies to prey upon the unsuspicious; and even *you* permit actual *sharpers* to resort to your house."

"My dear Sir, (he replied,) it is impossible to prevent them; I have no right to tell any man that he is a *rogue*, or a *thief*. I live by the favours and smiles of the public; and if the credulous are weak enough to suffer themselves to be cheated, how can that be any business of mine? Mr. Hamilton, to whom, in a variety of instances, I have been indebted, informed me *you*, Sir, had *too favourable* an opinion of the *world*; and desired, when I had the honour

nour of seeing you in London, that I would endeavour to put you upon your guard."

"And have I then, (said I mentally,) left the abode of purity and confidence, for a purpose of becoming acquainted with the world so full of deceit! where even the *cut* of a *coat* is to render me a fit object for imposition; and the man of *integrity* is certain of becoming the *dupe* of a *cheat!* Yet have I not been cautioned against the artifices of the knavish and designing? And when I behold the danger of the road I am travelling, shall I not avoid the precipice's edge? Yes, thus armed against the attack of an insidious enemy, it would be cowardice in the extreme in me to quit the field."

A studious attention to dress I had always considered as a mark of weakness; but, from what the inn-keeper had told me, I now viewed it in a different light, and therefore requested him immediately to send for a taylor, who would new model my appearance, without loss of time. Two shirts I likewise found inadequate to comfort, independent of the engagements I found myself likely to make, if my new acquaintance lived in the style they gave me reason to believe.

Behold, then, my person completely metamorphosed. Every hair in my head underwent a new direction from the hands of Mr. Blane: and though *vanity*, as I before observed, was not one of my natural failings, I certainly was extremely well satisfied with the change. Though I had resolved to make Thompson (which was the name of the honest inn-keeper) acquainted with the new connections I had formed in the stage, yet I began to think it would be giving him too decided a proof of my want of discrimination, and I really wished Miss Middleton to see the alteration which a few hours had made.

The coffee-room, however, I avoided with as much care as I would a pestilential atmosphere; though I resolved to visit it when my dress no longer announced

me to be an attractive stranger for a thief; and I became impatient until the hour arrived when I was to wait upon Miss Middleton, though I derived high entertainment from rambling about the streets. Repeatedly had I taken out my watch, eagerly expecting the arrival of the happy moment. Never had time seemed to move with so saturnine a heel. At length the clock struck eight; I threw myself into a vehicle, and, in the course of a few minutes, found myself in Charles-Street. The house appeared large. A black servant opened the door to me, and conducted me into a very spacious room. The showiness of the furniture struck me with astonishment: though I could not help thinking the ladies in London had no antipathy to dirt, to tawdry *fineness* I had an insurmountable aversion; yet every article in the room was rather *gay* than *neat;* but, before I had time to make many observations, Mrs. Orme, and her fair companion, entered the room.

If I had entertained the slightest doubt of Miss Middleton's preference for me, her countenance would completely have quieted my fears; for never did I behold pleasure more strongly depictured than it was in every feature of her face. "I am delighted to see you, Mr. Franklin, (said she, in an embarrassed accent; allow me to introduce you to my friend Mrs. Orme. But what a change has a few hours produced in your appearance! though you certainly did not require the *adventitious aid of dress.*"

Though I hoped, and expected, she would be pleased with my improvement, yet I was completely confused at her having expressed it in such pointed terms; and I had always been taught to consider every remark upon the *dress,* or *person,* as a decided proof of being thoroughly ill-bred. Though Mrs. Orme certainly was upwards of fifty, she had the complexion and bloom of a girl of fifteen; but what struck me with peculiar astonishment was, the perfect symmetry and *whiteness* of her *teeth.* The only mark

mark of years discoverable in her whole person, was a few indentured strokes which I perceived near her throat and eyes: these, however, I attributed to her having lost some of her corpulency, not to the devastating hand of Time.

I endeavoured to support my part of a very sprightly conversation which took place upon our adventures in the stage: though I was a little surprised at finding that double entendre supplied the place of genuine wit. I had not been five minutes in the room, when Captain Middleton joined us, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced to me by the name of the Reverend Mr. Best: but his *dress* was the only thing which bespoke his profession, for he certainly was the most *facetious* of Mrs. Orme's guests. I was astonished at seeing Middleton make his appearance, having understood that he was to accompany Lady Larkington to the play; but this he accounted for, by informing me, that her Ladyship had been taken suddenly ill.

Tea being ended, the card table was placed before us, and the lady of the house proposed our playing at *vingt-une*: to which of course I readily consented, though I had predetermined to avoid the game of whist. I seated myself by the side of the object of my admiration, as the lovely Fanny's conquest by this time was complete; for though there were some few things in her behaviour which I did not altogether approve of, yet they vanished from my remembrance with one tender glance of her eyes. So completely were my senses entranced by the captivating preference which she shewed me, that I actually knew not a single card that I played; and I lost my money with as much Stoical indifference, as if I had been master of ten thousand a year. Miss Middleton happened to be the chief winner, and generally cleared three or four pounds by every deal; and though I was continually requesting change of notes from her, she had totally forgotten her former debts.

Time flew so rapidly, that the watchman called

eleven, without my thinking I had been half an hour in the house: the sound of his voice, however, recalled me to recollection, and I instantly arose to take my leave. The hospitable Mrs. Orme, however, insisted upon my taking a sandwich; informing me, at the same time, that her niece, who was at home for the Easter holidays, had a party of young friends; perceiving, I imagine, from my countenance, that I was astonished at the peals of laughter which at that moment reached my ears.

"Youth, Mr. Franklin, (said she,) is the season of gaiety, and I never feel so much happiness as when I can contribute to its delight; and as I thought my presence might be a check upon the young people's enjoyment, I resolved that Emily should be mistress of the ceremonies to-night. Their mirth, however, I think, appears to be rather noisy; yet it is the natural consequence when school girls and boys meet; it would be cruel in me to interrupt their enjoyments, though I do not approve quite so much noise."

I could not help admiring the behaviour of this amiable woman, and intreated that the sportive merriment of her niece's young companions might not be disturbed. Her sentiments brought to my recollection a thousand pleasing images, for her conduct corresponded with the ideas I had heard expressed by the dear and ever-to-be-lamented author of my birth. Before my departure, I intreated permission to have the honour of accompanying the ladies on the following evening to the play: the proposal was immediately accepted, and in a transport of delight I reluctantly took leave.

The image of the lovely Fanny Middleton accompanied me; and so romantically was I in love, that I actually wished she had been poor, that I might have had the satisfaction of proving the *disinterestedness* of the *passion* which she had inspired. To have possessed the person of this amiable girl, I would have sacrificed fortune and expectation: her conversation would prove a source of intellectual delight; but I dreaded

dreaded the influence Lady Larkington might have over a young creature to whom she was so nearly allied.

Animated by Hope, and alternately depressed by apprehension, I arrived at my quarters about half past one. "I began to be alarmed for you, Sir, (said the worthy Thompson, opening at the same time the door of my coach.) You have been spending the evening with your *relations* I suppose, Mr. Franklin," he continued in an enquiring tone of voice. "No, upon my soul, Thompson, I had entirely forgotten them: I mean, a *prior engagement* had driven them out of my mind."

"You will excuse me, I hope, Sir; but the waiter informed me the coachman had been ordered to drive you to rather a *suspicious street;* and as Mr. Hamilton's letter particularly mentioned that you had no acquaintance in London, I formed a few *conjectures,* Sir. You understand *what I mean.*"

I certainly *did understand* my friendly landlord's meaning, and therefore resolved to make him acquainted with the respectability of the lady's character at whose house I had been entertained. In short, I told him every circumstance which had happened from the time of our accidentally meeting in the stage. Judge then, candid reader, how completely I must have been mortified, when I came to the close of my tale, and waiting with impatience to hear him congratulate me upon my good fortune, not to find him articulate a single word! During my narration, it is true, I had observed him at some parts shrug his shoulders, and at others, shake his head, as if actually doubting the truth of my assertions, or at least thinking them rather of the *marvellous* kind.

"Well, Thompson, (I enquired,) am I not a *lucky fellow? Two thousand a year* is no despicable thing: yet, on my honour, it is not the *fortune* which has attracted me." "*That,* indeed, Sir, (replied he,) is a devilish lucky thing." As he said this, there was something in the tone of his voice which disconcerted me. "And pray, Sir, what the *Devil may you mean?*" I demanded in no very pleasant accent." "Why, that the

charming Fanny Middleton has *not two thousand pence.* If I offend you, Mr. Franklin, with my freedom, I am sincerely sorry for it; but I cannot bear to see a young man of your understanding so easily duped. Depend upon it, you have got into a gang of *w——s* and *sharpers.*" "Hold, Sir! (I exclaimed in anger:) I will not hear such vile abuse."

"I will be silent, (said he calmly:) but let me conjure you to go to Newington-Green to-morrow morning; make your uncle acquainted with every circumstance which has happened, and he will be of my opinion, I will bet you twenty pounds."

The first thing I did, upon my arrival in London, was to write to this relation, whom I had not seen for so many years, to inform him, that, if agreeable, I would pay him a visit at his country-house. My pride had been a little piqued by not having received an immediate answer; and I swore that I never would go to Newington, unless my uncle expressed a wish that I should: adding, that if I was inclined, the thing would be impossible, as I was engaged to accompany the ladies to Drury-Lane.

Though I really had felt displeasure with my friendly landlord for having expressed his sentiments in such very plain terms, yet, when I retired to my own apartment, I reflected very seriously upon what he had said, and resolved to watch with great circumspection, before I made a positive offer of my hand. Before I arose on the following morning, a letter was brought to me with the post mark of Newington-Green; and though I had felt piqued at what I considered an unnecessary tardiness, the idea of being received with affection by such near relatives, afforded me inexpressible delight. From the singularity of my father's temper, I had been estranged from all my family: I was a link dissevered from Consanguinity's magnetic chain; and the pleasure I felt at the prospect of being upon friendly terms with such near relations, it would be difficult for the power of language to describe. Eager to peruse the sentiments

ments of an uncle who had frequently avowed his intention of making me his future heir, I broke open the seal; but judge of my astonishment, at reading the following lines, in a scarcely legible hand:

"SIR,

"I am dasered by your Unkle to til you, he is sarprized you shud hav rote to him, avter taking no notise of him aver sense your por Mither's death. The Ant you *now*, is did olso; but you hav got anither in her plice, and she wuld be glad to se you at Nuintun, if your Unkle had thot fit.

"So no more at prasant for your
"Umble Sarvent,
"SUSIN SAWBRIDGE."

I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses whilst I perused this illiterate scrawl; for though my father and uncle were at variance with each other, yet as a boy I had received many testimonies of his regard. Family pride was a failing engrafted in his disposition, which had received a wound by his sister's not having consulted him in her choice; and her having refused to marry the son of a baronet, whom he recommended to her, was a fault which he never could entirely forgive. With ideas so elevated, how could I reconcile the inconsistency of his conduct in having married a woman who actually could not spell her name? And why he should have chosen to expose her ignorance, was another enigma which my imagination could not solve. The loss of a fortune which I had always considered myself as heir to, at any other period, would have occasioned me real concern; but wealth I knew was not an object with the lovely Fanny Middleton, and I already considered myself master of two thousand a year.

Sanguine in my ideas, and ever accustomed to behold things on the *fair side*, I resolved not to suffer my spirits to be depressed, but to amuse myself with taking a survey of the principal streets in the metropolis, and inspect that highly famed piece of archi-

tecture the cathedral of St. Paul. The preceding evening, Thompson had offered to accompany me thither, having business to transact in that part of the town; but, upon calling for my breakfast, the waiter informed me that his master had been obliged to go to the west end of it. Though I had avoided the coffee-room whilst my appearance bespoke rusticity, yet I frequented it as soon as my person was equipped according to the standard of fashion: but I would not have my readers imagine I was fool enough to dress in the extreme.

Amongst the motley groupe who assembled in the coffee-room for the purpose of reading, and chatting over the news of the day, I had observed a gentleman, apparently about fifty, whose pleasing and benevolent countenance was calculated to inspire esteem. Though he spoke but little, all his observations were judicious; and every person seemed to pay attention to what he said. We breakfasted in the same box. The conversation turned upon politics, and we entered into an argument with that freedom which the subject naturally inspires. Our repast being ended, he said he should be glad to be better acquainted with me, and inquired how long I intended remaining in town; adding, that he was going into the City, if I found myself inclined for a walk.

The invitation was too flattering for me to reject it. I informed him that I was anxious to view St. Paul's. We accordingly set out together, and reached it about eleven o'clock. Seated upon the steps was an emaciated female, on whose countenance was depictured penitence and grief. In her lap lay extended a sleeping infant; whilst one hand supported her forehead, and partly shaded her eyes. So fragile was her form, so interesting was her appearance, that apathy itself could not have beheld her unmoved; and, withdrawing my arm from that of my companion's, I involuntarily uttered the exclamation of "Good God!" The attention of Mr. Clifton had been attracted by some passing object; but it was recalled by

by the singularity of the expression I had used; and, turning quickly round, his eyes met those of the unfortunate female, who uttered a shriek that actually penetrated to my heart! She attempted to rise; but Nature, exhausted by suffering, was no longer able to sustain the load of life. My extended arms, however, saved her from falling, and the hand of Mr. Clifton preserved the helpless child.

"For Heaven's sake call a coach, (said he in a voice half suffocated by emotion;) and let me drive to the first surgeon's for advice. Oh, God! enable me to support this heart-rending trial! My Caroline! My Caroline! open those precious eyes!" Fortunately no person was within the railing. A hackney coach was standing near the place; and the apparently lifeless Caroline was conveyed into it without being sensible of the tenderness and anguish she had inspired. A few yards driving, conveyed us to the house of an apothecary, who fortunately happened to be at home; and, by the aid of volatile applications, I had the happiness of seeing her restored to sense.

"Oh, my beloved father! (said she in tremulous accents,) can you forgive your wretched, repentant child? Never should I have dared to force myself into your presence; yet I am not the guilty creature you have been made to believe!" "Talk not of *guilt*, my poor, injured Caroline, (replied the affected parent, whilst tears trickled down his cheeks:) the researches I have made after you, for these last two years, will prove my forgiveness; yet never again did I expect to behold my darling child!"

The apothecary intreated Mr. Clifton not to revert to past circumstances; declaring that his patient demanded quietness and repose. Mr. Clifton then inquired whether he could recommend a lodging to him; saying, that he had particular reasons for not chusing to take her immediately to his house.

"I will make enquiries, Sir, immediately," said this humane disciple of Galen; at the same time stepping out of the coach, into which he returned in

about five minutes, and addressed Mr. Clifton in the following words: "I am a *father*, Sir, myself, and can participate in your sensations at the unexpected restoration of a child; and though I do not make a point of letting any of my apartments, yet I should feel much gratification in contributing to the preservation of your daughter's life. I could not offer her accommodation without consulting Mrs. Warren, whose heart is feelingly alive to every species of distress; and who requests me to say, she shall be extremely happy to render this lady every assistance in her power."

As Mr. Warren closed this friendly speech, he took the hand of the debilitated Caroline. "Come, come, my dear Madam, (said he;) I must chase away those tears: the smile of a fair lady is as gratifying to my feelings, as the sight of a *guinea* would be if I was authorised to stretch out my hand for a fee."

As I feared that my company might be considered as obtrusive, I told Mr. Clifton I would take a view of St. Paul's, and intreated he would not think of accompanying me, knowing his mind was not in a state to be amused. I assisted him, however, in conveying Caroline from the carriage; for I knew not then by what name she had a right to be called; whilst Mr. Warren, carrying the sleeping infant, introduced us to the benevolent mistress of the house. Though her face was indented by that fatal enemy to beauty, which, from the discovery made by Doctor Jenner, we have no longer reason to fear, yet her countenance was at once so beneficent and ingenuous, that it at once proved an index to the feelings of her mind. To the care of this amiable woman Mr. Clifton left his daughter, as business of some consequence demanded his presence at the Exchange. He promised, however, to return as soon as it was transacted, for the purpose of procuring an experienced nurse.

Upon taking leave of me, he shook my hand with much cordiality. "You will see me again (said he)

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in the course of a couple of days; but in the mean time, Mr. Franklin, I advise you to be cautious what friendships, or even what *acquaintance*, you make; for Thompson (who is really a very sensible fellow) tells me, he is fearful you are getting into a scrape."

My mind was so completely occupied by the scene I had witnessed, that sensations very different to curiosity now took place; yet, as I had come into the city for the purpose of surveying its famed cathedral, I was not inclined to return without fulfilling my original design. To behold that beautiful fabric without admiration, is impossible. Immortal must be the name of Sir Christopher Wren! Notwithstanding which, I could not help regretting that he was not permitted to construct the building upon his original plan. Whilst surveying the sacred structure, Clifton and his daughter were forgotten; but, upon quitting it, recollection forced them back upon my mind; and I could not help feeling particularly anxious to become acquainted with the principal events of their life.

I had loitered so long, that I was only just in time for dinner, as I was to be in Charles-Street a little before six; and *punctuality* being the lover's motto, I was peculiarly desirous of not being too late. The ladies were ready adorned. Coffee was prepared for me, yet the countenance of my lovely Fanny was no longer decorated with smiles. I eagerly enquired into the cause of her dejection, but without receiving a satisfactory reply. Upon her quitting the apartment, I implored Mrs. Orme to acquaint me with the cause of that dejection which the object of my affection seemed solicitous to conceal; and, after using all the rhetoric I was master of, I at length found that Lady Larkington had objected to her going to the play; and so warm an altercation had taken place upon the subject, that Miss Middleton had determined not to return to Park-Lane.

Fired with indignation at her Ladyship's conduct, I inquired what reason she could have for objecting

to any young lady's appearing in public under my care; "For, short (said I) as has been the time I have had the honour of Miss Middleton's acquaintance, I am resolved to make her an immediate offer of my hand. I am aware (I continued) that I can have no pretensions to a girl of such immense fortune; but every farthing she possesses shall be settled upon herself; and I only wish I had the power of reversing our situations, that I might be able to convince her of the disinterestedness of my regard."

"You will have many difficulties to encounter, I assure you Mr. Franklin; but you may rely upon my friendship, (replied Mrs. Orme.) If you *mean to marry*, Captain Middleton must not be acquainted with it, as I know he has very different views for the dear girl." The object of our conversation at this moment joined us. The caution given me by Mr. Clifton instantly rushed upon my mind. I had not only been hasty in forming *friendships* and *acquaintance*, but had actually declared my intention of taking a wife. Were my travels then to be bounded by the altar of Hymen? Was a woman to suppress the ardent desire I had of seeing the world? or were my pleasures to be increased by the delight I should experience from having a lovely companion to whom I could communicate every thought of my heart? Ideas of this nature passed rapidly through my recollection; yet I determined to defer my declaration for a few days. The carriage fortunately was announced, I conducted the ladies to it, and in less than five minutes we arrived at Drury-Lane.

I was struck with the size and splendour of the Theatre, but more so with the magic tones of the incomparable Siddons's voice; and so completely did I participate in the sorrows of Mrs. Beverley, that I forgot that the object of my admiration was sitting by my side. A loud laugh from a person near me in one of the most interesting parts of the tragedy, recalled my recollection, and fired my breast with rage; for I perceived a gentleman whispering most familiarly

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to Miss Middleton, whilst one of his arms encircled her waist. The moment I caught her eye, her countenance underwent a transition; she endeavoured to disengage his hand from her waist. "You have been taking too much wine, (said she,) Edward; but, for Heaven's sake, do not make yourself ridiculous to-night, for recollect that our *near relationship* is not known in this place. — My Cousin, Sir Edward Gage; give me leave to introduce him to you, Mr. Franklin," continued she, in rather an embarrassed tone of voice. Again the Baronet seemed scarcely able to restrain his risibility, and I felt a mixture of emotions which it would be difficult to describe.

That a man who had been drinking should presume to appear in the company of ladies, was a breach of politeness which I could not conceive it possible that any well-bred man should commit; and that in a place like a *theatre,* he should be guilty of those gross *familiarities,* was a circumstance that gave me the highest disgust. Mrs. Orme seemed to penetrate into the inmost recess of my feelings, and immediately called Sir Edward to her side, when, after a few minutes earnest conversation, this *ill-behaved man of fashion* quitted the box. He had, however, entirely destroyed my evening's entertainment; even the pathos of the inimitable Siddons no longer afforded me delight. Several other young men came likewise into the box to us, who all recognized my companions with a familiar nod. This mode of behaviour might be *fashionable,* but to *me* it was *disgusting;* and I resolved that no wife of mine should ever live in town. My passion, however, was cooled by the incidents of the evening, and I began to ask myself whether I really was in love.

Miss Middleton perceived that something had displeased me; and, in the softest accents, enquired whether I was ill; offered her smelling bottle; moistened her handkerchief in lavender-water, and intreated me to hold it to my head.—This striking proof of the tenderness of her disposition restored

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me to good-humour, and banished all chagrin: but, as I was conducting the ladies through the lobby, a groupe of girls, of a certain description, set up a loud laugh. Whether this was accident, or whether we had afforded them a subject for merriment, was a circumstance which I could not easily define: however, it brought to my recollection what Thompson had said upon the subject, and, to my utter astonishment, I beheld him at my elbow when I turned round.

"I came in pursuit of you, Sir, (said he, in a respectful accent.) A gentleman wants to speak with you upon *particular business* at my *house.*" "You are engaged to sup with *me,* (said Mrs. Orme, darting a look of resentment at poor Thompson;) and I suppose the gentleman can *wait* until to-morrow morning." "He must see Mr. *Franklin immediately,*" replied Thompson unceremoniously, returning her look with an expressive glance. I acknowledged my obligation to him, and promised to be home in an hour.

Thompson's appearance seemed to have disconcerted the ladies as much as Sir Edward Gage had done me: however, I promised to see them early in the morning; but Middleton met me at the door, and insisted upon my going in. Upon my pleading a positive engagement, he said he had received a note from his sister not half an hour before, desiring him to bring Jenkinson with him, as I was engaged to sup with Mrs. Orme. "So damme, Franklin, (continued he, clapping me on the shoulder,) if you will not stay with us, Jack and I will go with you."

Each seized an arm, declaring they were certain that I was a sly fish: though I should have mentioned, that, as Middleton handed me out of the carriage, I fancied I heard him say, "*We are blown!*" "*Who the Devil by?*" I plainly distinguished; but the reply to the question I could not distinctly hear. We walked through two or three streets together. At length my companions wished me good night; declaring, that they had only come so far with me, to see whether I really meant to return to my inn.

(To be continued.)

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE SEXES.

WOMAN is a very nice and very complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate; and differ from those of man, pretty nearly as the work of a repeating-watch does from that of a town-clock. Look at her; how delicately formed! Examine her senses; how exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding; how subtle and acute! But look into her heart; there is the watch-work, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye, to be clearly apprehended.

The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition; I had almost said instinct. By a glance of her eye, she shall draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it; she cannot answer the question. The philosopher deduces inferences; and his inferences shall be right: but he gets to the head of the stair-case, if I may say so, by slow degrees, and mounting step by step. She arrives at the top of the stair-case as well as he: but whether she leaped or flew there, is more than she knows herself. While she trusts her instinct, she is scarce ever deceived: she is generally lost when she attempts to reason.

As the perception of women is surprisingly quick, so their souls and imaginations are uncommonly susceptible. Few of them have talents to write: but, when they do, how lively are their pictures! how animated their descriptions! But if few women write, they all talk; and every man may judge of them in this point, from every circle he goes into. Spirit in conversation depends entirely upon fancy; and women, all over the world, talk better than men. Let a man and a woman of apparently equal understandings, go to a ball; see which of them will enjoy most pleasure, and bring home the greatest number of in-

teresting anecdotes. Have they a character to pourtray, or a figure to describe, they give but three traits of either the one or the other, and the character is known, or the figure placed before our eyes. Why? from the susceptibility of their imaginations. Their fancies receive lively impressions from those principal traits, and they paint those impressions with the same vivacity with which they received them. I remember seeing at Geneva an English lady who had just come out of Italy. She painted the passage of the Alps, in six phrases, better than I could have done by a fortnight's labour upon paper.

I look upon it, that the elements are not only differently mixed in women, from what they are in men, but that they are almost of different sorts. Their fire is purer; their clay is more refined. The difference, I think, may be about the same that there is between air and æther; between culinary and electrical fire. The æthereal fire is not given, perhaps, in so large a proportion to women as to men; but it is a more subtle, and a finer spirit. Let a woman of fancy warm in conversation, she will produce a hundred charming images, among which there shall not be one indelicate or coarse. Warm a man on the same subject: he shall possibly find stronger allusions; but they shall neither be so brilliant nor so chaste.

As to gracefulness of expression, it belongs almost exclusively to women.

But men, you say, have sounder judgments. That they unquestionably have: and for that, I confess, I never could see but one reason; the difference of their education. To the age of thirteen or fourteen, girls are every where superior to boys. At fourteen, a boy begins to get some advantages over a girl, and he continues to improve, by means of education, till three or four and twenty, possibly till thirty. Her education, such as it is, is over at eighteen. He has all the fountains of knowledge opened to him—interest to stimulate him to exercise his parts—rivals to emulate

emulate—opponents to conquer. His talents are always on the stretch. To this he adds the advantages of travel: and even if he should not go abroad, he can enter into an infinite number of houses from which she is debarred. A sound judgment cannot be formed but by continual exercise, and frequent comparisons. It is impossible for women to have these advantages: and thence, I believe, arises the principal cause of the inferiority of their judgment. The liveliness of their fancies, and of their feelings, you will say, contributes also to weaken their powers of judging. That, probably, does enter for something; but education must be the grand cause: for how many men are there among your acquaintance, who join solid judgments to fine feelings and warm imaginations?

Take a man and a woman, who have never been out of the village in which they were born, and neither of whom knows how to read: I question much if his discretive faculties will be found to be stronger than her's.

As judgment, then, can come but from knowledge, I will readily agree, that the number of women who have solid judgments, is very small. But if I do not contend for them, on this head, as equal to men, I believe you will not dispute the superior sensibility of their souls. Their feelings are certainly more exquisite than those of men; and their sentiments greater, and more refined. Though the severity, ill-temper, neglect, and perfidy of men, often force women to have recourse to dissimulation—yet, when they have noble characters to deal with, how sincere and ardent is their love! how delicate and solid their attachment! Woman is not near so selfish a creature as man. When a man is in love, the object of his passion is, if I may say so, himself. When a woman is enamoured of a man, she forgets herself, the world, and all that it contains, and wishes to exist only for the object of her affection. How few men make any

violent sacrifices to sentiment! but how many women does every man know, who have sacrificed fortune and honours, to noble, pure, and disinterested motives!

A man mounts a breach; he braves danger; and obtains a victory. This is great and glorious. He has served his country: he has acquired fame, preferment, riches. Wherever he appears, respect awaits him; admiration attends him; crowds press to meet him; and theatres receive him with bursts of applause. His glory dies not with him: History preserves his memory from oblivion. That thought cheers his dying hour: and his last words, pronounced with feeble pleasure, are, "I shall not all die."

A woman sends her husband to the war. She lived but *in* that husband. Her soul goes with him. She trembles for the dangers of the sea. She trembles for the dangers of the land. Every billow that swells, she thinks is to be his tomb; every ball that flies, she imagines is directed against *him*. A brilliant capital appears to her a dreary desart: her universe was a man; and that man's life, her terror tells her, is in danger. Her days are days of sorrow; her nights are sleepless nights. She sits immoveable, her mornings, in all the dignity and composure of grief, like Agrippina in her chair; and when, at night, she seeks repose, repose has fled her couch—the silent tears steal down her cheek, and wet her pillow; or if, by chance, exhausted nature finds an hour's slumber, her fancy, sickened by her distempered soul, sees in that sleep, a bleeding lover, or *his* mangled corse. Time passes, and her grief increases; till worn out at length by too much tenderness, she falls the victim of too exquisite a sensibility, and sinks with sorrow to the grave.

A.

REMARKS ON COXCOMBS.

A PORTRAIT.

THERE is no person, among all my acquaintance, whose movements I have more narrowly watched, than those of a young coxcomb, who sometimes visits me. If the reader wishes to know why I have so critically inspected the actions of this finical youth, I will explain my motives as concisely as I can. I have often heard, that every description of men have some useful and commendable qualifications; and, in order to ascertain the truth of this observation, I pitched upon a coxcomb, as the most suitable subject, to bring the question to a test. If any valuable qualities can be discovered in such a character, I think we may pronounce, with some certainty, that no mortal is exempt from a share of good properties. We should distinguish between qualities that are useful to one's self, and those that are so to other people. My present inquiry shall be principally confined to the former.

In the first place, then, a coxcomb cannot be a lazy man. I am sensible many censorious people are often ranking him with the idle and dissolute. The charge has no foundation in truth. Whoever attempts to follow all the fluctuations of the fashions, and suffers no other person to keep a-head of him in this respect, will find full employment for his activity and discernment. It is impossible any one can do this, and be indolent. The young fribble, of whom I am now speaking, is engaged in no professed line of business, and yet I know of no person whose time is more incessantly occupied. He mentioned to me, the other morning, by way of apology for not performing an engagement he was under, that he had not had a leisure moment for more than a fortnight past. This circumstance induced me to keep a vigilant eye over his actions, and satisfy myself in what

manner he consumed his days. I called at his lodgings two or three mornings successively, so early that I found him at home. He employed nearly three hours in dressing; and I am convinced he could not do it in a shorter time. More than an hour was devoted to the adjustment of his *cravats:* and, as he wore no less than *six,* the folds of which were laid over one another with a mathematical precision, the reader will readily conceive it was not a moment too long. But the hardest task was with the boot-maker. My friend had a dozen pair of boots to try; and such was his taste in what he termed, *fitting to his mind,* that it was two hours (during which time he underwent as much labour as would have completely tired a *coal-porter)* before he determined on his choice.

It would be endless for me to particularize all the objects which unavoidably fall in the way, and prevent a coxcomb from wearing away his moments in sloth and inactivity. It must be remembered, that he has the process of dressing to pass through twice in twenty-four hours. The remainder of his time is spent in visiting, and in some fashionable amusements, which can by no means be performed by a lazy man. These remarks will, I hope, exculpate my dressy acquaintance from the charge of indolence.

But a more beneficial effect, than that just mentioned, is derived from being a complete coxcomb, in the security it affords a man against the pains and inconveniencies of being captivated with female charms. It is well known, that one of these butterfly gentlemen loves no created being so well as himself. His whole powers of admiration find employment about his own person. Any disgust or inattention shewn him by a female, is called caprice; and is supposed to result from a want of elegance, or purity of taste. This barrier against those frequent impressions which men of less personal vanity feel, is no inconsiderable advantage: it may fairly be denominated a useful quality to the person who possesses

it.

it. Though he extravagantly admires no lady, still he may be the friend and patron of many. Superficial women court his attention, because they are pleased with his finery; and sensible women have pleasantry enough to indulge his vanity and self-approbation. His forms of politeness and good humour are conspicuous; and he will grant the ladies every thing they ask of him, except his admiration and love.

A still greater utility, in being a devotee to dress and gaiety, proceeds from its being a pretty effectual guard against gross intemperance, and many other vices destructive of health and morals. The life of an abandoned profligate is not compatible with that of a finished coxcomb: very different passions give rise to these characters, and they have very different objects in view. Scenes of extravagant dissipation are generally attended with rough language, than which nothing can be more disagreeable to a man of real foppery. He avoids every situation where he cannot be looked at and flattered. His inclination leads him among genteel people, who admit him as an associate for the civility of his deportment, and who are themselves too well bred to call in question his claims to admiration.

Upon the whole, I am induced to believe, that most people entertain too mean an opinion of coxcombs. It is a much more unexceptionable character than is usually imagined; and a well-shaped stripling, who has rich friends, and slender talents, may be said to have taken his best destiny, when dress is the object of his care, and personal vanity the motive of his conduct. By this means, he will at least escape being a lounger, as he must of course be active and busy, to keep up the part he assumes. Nor will he probably become a drunkard or a knave; for he can be neither of these, without essentially interfering with the main wish of his heart—to be complimented as a *sweet pretty fellow.* A.

On the WEAKNESS of HUMAN NATURE.

[From DR. JOHNSON.]

THE weakness of human nature is finely illustrated in the celebrated History of RASSELAS, Prince of Abissinia, where the Prince attends the lectures of a Philosopher, who compared Reason to the Sun, of which the light is constant, uniform, and lasting; communicated various precepts for the conquest of the passions; and displayed the happiness of those who had obtained the important victory, after which man is no longer the slave of fear, or the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emasculated by tenderness, or depressed by grief; and concluded, that this state only was happiness, and that this happiness was in every one's power. Rasselas listened to him with the veneration due to the instructions of a superior being, and implored the liberty of visiting so great a master of true wisdom. On the ensuing day the Prince entered the apartment of the Philosopher, whom he found in a room half darkened, with his eyes misty, and his face pale. "Sir," said the Philosopher, "you are come at a time when all human friendship is useless: what I suffer cannot be remedied; what I have lost, cannot be supplied. My daughter, my only daughter, from whose tenderness I expected all the comforts of my age, died last night of a fever: my views, my purposes, my hopes, are at an end. I am now a lonely being, disunited from society." The Prince remonstrated against the excess of his affliction. "Young man," replied the Philosopher, "you speak like one who has never felt the pangs of separation." "Have you then forgot the precepts," said Rasselas, "which you so powerfully enforced? Has wisdom no strength to arm the heart against calamity? Consider that external things are naturally variable, but Truth and Reason are always the same."—"What comfort," said the mourner, "can Truth and Reason afford me? Of what effect are they now, but to tell me, that my daughter will not be restored?"

ON THE HAPPINESS OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

AN active life is exposed to many evils, which cannot reach a state of retirement; but it is found, by the uniform experience of mankind, to be, upon the whole, productive of the most happiness. All men are desirous of avoiding the listlessness of an unemployed condition. Without the incentives of ambition, of fame, of interest, of emulation, men eagerly rush upon hazardous and painful enterprizes. There is a quick succession of ideas, a warm flow of spirits, and an animated sensation, consequent on exertion, which amply compensates for the chagrin of disappointment, and the fatigue of uninterrupted attention.

One of the most useful effects of action is, that it renders repose agreeable. Perpetual rest is pain of the most intolerable kind. But a judicious interchange of rest and motion, of indolent enjoyment and strenuous efforts, gives a true relish of life; which, when too tranquil, is insipid; and when too much agitated, disgustful.

This sweet repose, which is necessary to restore, by relaxing the tone of the weary mind, has been sought for by the wisest and greatest of men at their own fire-side. Senators and heroes have shut out the acclamations of an applauding world, to enjoy the prattling of their little ones, and to partake the endearments of family conversation. They knew that even their best friends, in the common intercourse of life, were in some degree actuated by interested motives in displaying their affection; that many of their followers applauded them in hopes of reward; and that the giddy multitude, however zealous, were not always judicious in their approbation. But the attentions paid them at their fire-side, and the smiles which exhilarated their own table, were the genuine result of undissembled love.

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The nursery has often alleviated the fatigues of the bar and senate-house. Nothing contributes more to raise the gentle, pleasing emotions, than the view of infant innocence, enjoying the raptures of a game at play. All the sentiments of uncontrouled nature display themselves to the view, and furnish matter for agreeable reflection to the mind of the philosophical observer. To prattle with children in their little pleasures, is by no means unmanly; it is one of the purest sources of mirth. It has an influence in amending the heart, which necessarily takes a tincture from the company that surrounds us. Innocence, as well as guilt, is communicated and increased by the contagion of example. And the great Author of evangelical philosophy, has taught us to emulate the simplicity of the infantine age. He seems, indeed, himself to have been delighted with their presence; and found in them, what he in vain sought among those who judged themselves their superiors—unpolluted purity of heart.

Among the great variety of pictures which the vivid imagination of Homer has displayed throughout the Iliad, there is not one more pleasing than the family-piece, which represents the parting interview between Hector and Andromache. The heart is interested, as well as the imagination delighted. The hero ceases to be terrible, that he may become amiable. We admire him while he stands completely armed in the field of battle: but we love him more while he is taking off his helmet, that he may not frighten his little boy with its nodding plumes. We are refreshed with the tender scene of domestic love, while all around us breathes rage and discord. We are pleased to see the arm which is shortly to deal death and destruction among a host of foes, employed in caressing an infant son with the embraces of paternal love. A professed critic would attribute the pleasing effect entirely to contrast: but the heart has declared, previously to the enquiries of criticism, that

that it is chiefly derived from that satisfaction which we naturally feel in beholding great characters engaged in tender and amiable employments.

But, after all that is said of the purity and solidity of domestic joys, they unfortunately appear to a great part of mankind insipid, unmanly, and capable of satisfying none but the weak, the spiritless, the inexperienced, and the effeminate. The pretenders to wit and modern philosophy, are often found to renounce the received opinions of prudential conduct; and while they affect a superior liberality, to regulate their lives by the most selfish principles. Whatever appears to have little tendency to promote personal pleasure and advantage, they leave to be performed by those simple individuals who are dull enough to pursue the journey of life, by the straight road of common sense. It is true, they will allow the world must be replenished by a perpetual succession; and it is no less true, that an offspring once introduced into the world, requires all the care of painful attention. But let the task be reserved for meaner spirits. If the passions can be gratified without the painful consequences, they eagerly seize the indulgence. But the toil of education they leave to those who are fools enough to take a pleasure in it. There will always be a sufficient number, whose folly will lead them, for the sake of indulging their passions, to engage in a life of perpetual anxiety. The fool's paradise will never be deserted.

Presumptuous as are these pretenders to a newly invented system of philosophy, it is not to be supposed they will think themselves superior to Cicero. Yet Cicero, with all his liberality of mind, felt the tenderness of conjugal and paternal attachment; and acknowledged that, at one time, he received no satisfaction in any company but that of his wife, his little daughter, and, to use his own epithet, his *honied* young Cicero. The great Sir Thomas More, whom nobody will suspect of narrowness of mind, who, by

a very singular treatise, evinced that he was capable of thinking and of choosing for himself, has left it on record, that he devoted a great share of his time, from the united motives of duty and delight, to the amusement of his children.

It will be objected by those who pretend to have formed their ideas of life from observation, that domestic happiness, however pleasing in description, like many a poetic dream, is but an alluring picture, designed by a good heart, and painted in glowing colours by a lively fancy. The company, say they, even of those we love, occasions an insipidity. Insipidity grows into disgust. Disgust, long continued, sours the temper. Peevishness is the natural consequence. The domestic circumstances become the scene of dispute. Mutual antipathy is ingenious in devising mutual torment. Sullen silence, or malignant remarks, fill up every hour, till the arrival of a stranger causes a temporary restraint, and excites that good humour which ought to be displayed among those whom the bonds of affection and of blood have already united.

Experience, indeed, proves that these remarks are sometimes verified. But that there is much domestic misery, is no argument that there is no domestic happiness.

Natural stupidity, natural ill-temper, acquired ill habits, want of education, illiberal manners, and neglect of the common rules of discretion, will render every species of intercourse disagreeable. When those are united by connubial ties, who are separated by natural and inherent diversity, no wonder if that degree of happiness, which can only result from a proper union, is unknown.

In the forced alliance, which the poet of Venusium mentions, of the serpent with the dove, of the tyger with the lamb, there can be no love. When we expatiate on the happiness of the domestic groupe, we pre-suppose that all who compose it were originally

nally assimilated by affection, and are still kept in union by discreet friendship. Where this is not the case, the censure must fall on the discordant dispositions of the parties, and not on the essential nature of domestic intercourse.

To form, under the direction of prudence, an early conjugal attachment, is one of the best securities of virtue. The duties called forth by the relations of husband and father, are of that tender kind, which inspire goodness and humanity. He who beholds a woman whom he loves, and an helpless infant looking up to him for support, will not easily be induced to indulge an unbecoming extravagance, or devote himself to indolence. He who has a rising family to introduce into a vicious world, will be cautious of setting a bad example, the contagion of which, when it proceeds from parental authority, must be irresistibly malignant. Thus many, who, in their individual and unconnected state, would probably have spent a life not only useless to others, but profligate and abandoned in itself, have become valuable members of the community, and have arrived at a degree of moral improvement to which they would not otherwise have attained.

The contempt in which domestic pleasures have in modern times been held, is a mark of profligacy. It is also a proof of a prevailing ignorance of real enjoyment. It argues a defect in taste and judgment, as well as in morals. For the general voice of the experienced in ages past, has declared, that the truest happiness is to be found at home. A.

ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR.

A SAILOR having broke a pane of glass in a shop window at Rochester, on being informed it came to 5s. 3d. gave the owner half a guinea; and when offered the change, cried out, "Never mind!" He then broke another, and said, "Now we are even."

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To prove that this advice is not the fruit of raſhneſs, but of ſound judgment, is the object of the pamphlet before us; and the ingenious author invites the Miniſter to contemplate the queſtion in the ſeveral lights in which it may be placed. He is fully perſuaded that the line of conduct here recommended, is abſolutely eſſential to every plan of colonial policy, from which future ſecurity can be expected. *Monthly Review.*

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European Magazine.

An Account of the Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa. In which is conſidered the Importance of the Cape of Good Hope to the different European Powers, as a Naval and Military Station; as a Point of Security to our Indian Trade and Settlements during a War, and as a Territorial Acquiſition, and Commercial Emporium, in Time of Peace: with a Statiſtical Sketch of the whole Colony. Compiled from authentic Documents, by John Barrow, Eſq. 4to. Vol. II. pp. 452.

Mr. Barrow's work has great merit in preſenting to the public a perſpicuous, accurate, and juſt view of the various benefits that might, and probably would, accrue to this country, from the recovery of ſuch a prize; and would prove extremely uſeful to the leaders of an expedition for that purpoſe, when having attained their object, which in the ſtate of the Britiſh force would not be difficult, they ſhould be employed in arranging and adminiſtering the government of the Cape. A work of this kind we chiefly eſtimate by the authenticity of the narrative, and the communications which it contains. The author performs what he undertakes; he impreſſes forcibly upon the readers, the value of the object which he recommends to Britain to reclaim. In a production of this kind, preſented merely for information, we do not ſcrupulouſly analyſe compoſition, but if we did, the travels are not liable to any conſiderable objections. This volume of Mr. Barrow will not only maintain, but increaſe the reputation which his former has earned, and is highly deſerving of attentive peruſal by commercial and political readers.

Anti-jacobin Review.

Sermons ſelected and abridged chiefly from minor Authors, from Trinity Sunday to the Twenty-fifth Sunday inclusive, adapted to the Epiſtle, Goſpel, or firſt Leſſons, or to the ſeveral Seaſons of the Year. Together with Eight occaſional Sermons on important Subjects;

and an earnest Exhortation to attend public Worship, &c. &c. Addressed, by a Clergyman, to his Parishioners. For the Use of Families. By the Rev. S. Clapham, M. A. Vicar of Christ Church, Hants. of Great Ouseborn, Yorkshire; and Editor of the Abridgment of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln's Elements of Christian Theology. Vol. II. Price 10*s. pp.* 716.

There is no part of our literary labors which affords us such encouragement to perſeverance, as the being able to recommend productions to our readers, which tend to make them both good members of the community, and exemplary Chriſtians. When the authors, whoſe works we are obliged to read, in order to make a juſt eſtimate of their merits, are ſuch as we can, without any reſtrictions, announce as truly excellent, it is then that we receive a compenſation for the many weary hours which ſome writers impoſe upon us. Without taking up the time of our readers with farther reflections, we can, with ſtrict juſtice, recommend the publication before us, as not only unexceptionable, but as poſſeſſed of uncommon merit. Mr. Clapham has exerciſed a critical judgment, and diſplayed a refined taſte.

We conclude our account of this valuable ſelection, by aſſuring our readers, that it is replete with judgment and taſte; and the families, for whoſe uſe it is chiefly intended, may derive from it improvement and benefit, inſomuch as it honeſtly propounds to them the doctrines of the goſpel, and of the church; and exhorts them to fulfil the duties of religion by the moſt cogent and perſuaſive arguments. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

Pleasures of Solitude, with other Poems. By P. L. Courtier. Third Edition. Small 8vo. *pp.* 144. *Plates.* 6*s.*

It is no ſmall ſatisfaction to us, to find the opinion which we expreſſed of the two former editions of this intereſting little volume confirmed by the public voice. Grateful for the approbation which the effuſions of his virtuous and benevolent muſe have thus experienced, the Bard has induſtriouſly and judiciouſly altered and improved various paſſages, and has prefixed to the preſent edition an elegant Sonnet, from the able pen of that excellent judge of poetical merit, the Rev. R. Polwhele. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

Alfred, an Epic Poem, in Twenty-four Books. By Joseph Cottle. Second Edition. 2 *Vols. small* 8vo. *pp.* 530.

The firſt edition of this poem was reviewed with that attention which the labor employed, and the genius diſplayed in it ſo well deſerved.

deſerved. In the preſent edition various alterations have been made, which beſpeak a mind open to conviction, and anxious to reward public favor by able attempts at improvement. In a new preface Mr. Cottle defends his work, and, for the moſt part, ſucceſsfully, we think, againſt ſome objections which have been raiſed to it. This preface contains many ſenſible, judicious, and pertinent obſervations. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

Flowers of Literature, for 1803; *or, Characteriſtic Sketches of Human Nature and Modern Manners. To which are added, a General View of Literature during that Period; Portraits and Biographical Notices of eminent Literary Characters. With Notes, Hiſtorical, Critical, and Explanatory. By the Rev. F. Prevoſt, and F. Blagdon, Eſq. Vol. II. to be continued annually. Small* 8vo. *pp.* 552. 6*s. Boards.*

The firſt volume of this agreeable miſcellany was noticed in commendatory terms; and, of the preſent, we have the ſatisfaction to obſerve, that it is, *in every reſpect*, ſuperior.—The "*Introduction*," or "*General View of Literature*," poſſeſſes the ſame correctneſs of taſte, and the ſame ſoundneſs of principle, which claimed our praiſe in the firſt volume; and, by the improved plan on which it is written, it will be found more generally uſeful and ſatisfactory. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

This ſelection is made with judgment, is highly intereſting, and may be placed in the hands of youth with perfect ſecurity. It is intended to be continued annually. *European Magazine.*

The State of Europe, before and after the French Revolution: being an Anſwer to the Work intitled, "De l'Etat de la France à la Fin de l'An VIII." By Frederick Gentz, Counſellor at War to his Pruſſian Majeſty, &c. &c. Tranſlated from the German, by John Charles Herries, Eſq. The Fifth Edition. 8vo. *pp.* 524. *Price* 8*s.*

On the whole, we conſider this as a very maſterly performance. Although it is moſt remarkable for preciſion and correctneſs, yet it is not at all deficient in force and eloquence: it preſents a ſingular contraſt with the frothy declamatory ſtyle of the French writers. *Imperial Review.*

Village Anecdotes; or, the Journal of a Year, from Sophia to Edward. With original Poems. By Mrs. Le Noir. 3 *Vols. pp.* 871. *Price* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In

In the "Village Anecdotes" we have none of the fantaſtic delicacy, the prodigal munificence, the almoſt revolting diſintereſtedneſs, which crowd the pages of ephemeral romances. From the unoſtentatious Mrs. Villars we receive practical leſſons of generoſity, of which the examples are familiar, the application univerſal. Virtue is not here repreſented as a beautiful chimera, the golden viſion of an enthuſiaſtic mind; it has animated exiſtence; it is the object of our eſteem, our love, our imitation; the heart kindles at the picture, and exults in the conviction, that the privileges of humanity are reſtricted by no patent to the powerful; that to do good, is open to the benevolent of every claſs, and is in the number not only of the deareſt, but the cheapeſt pleaſures.

Imperial Review.

Commentaries on Claſſical Learning. By the Rev. D. H. Urquhart, M. A. Prebendary of Lincoln, &c. 8vo. pp. 539. Price 8s.

In the purſuance of this deſign, Mr. Urquhart has given a brief account of the principal Greek and Roman Writers, compriſing ſuch anecdotes of their lives as have ſurvived the wreck of ages, and critical obſervations on their general ſtyle and manner, noticing their peculiar merits and defects, and occaſionally illuſtrating his remarks by quotations from approved Engliſh verſions of their works. In the execution of his plan, he has accompliſhed all at which he profeſſes to aim. He has given ſuch a ſketch of the characteriſtics of the great maſters of claſſical compoſition, as is well calculated to allure the youthful ſtudent to bend his attention to their writings. He has communicated, without oſtentation, the reſult of much reading, and laborious reſearch; and we think it not the ſlighteſt praiſe due to his book, that its ſtyle is clear and unaffected. *Imperial Review.*

The Soldier's Daughter; a Comedy, in Five Acts. By A. Cherry. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

The characters of this comedy, with the exception of Mrs. Malfort, are ſtrongly marked: the dialogue is ſprightly, and well kept up. In ſome parts, however, it is too pompous, Mr. Cherry's ſentences occaſionally moulding themſelves into blank verſe. He has ſkilfully taken advantage of the military ſpirit of the times, to introduce divers ſentiments which could not fail to excite the applauſe of a Britiſh audience; but, independently of theſe temporary alluſions, there is, in our opinion, a ſufficient fund of merit in this play, to juſtify the ſucceſs which it has experienced in repreſentation. *Imperial Review.*

An Eſſay on Education; in which are particularly conſidered the Merits and the Defects of the Diſcipline and

and Instruction in our Academies. By the Rev. William Barrow, LL.D. and F. A. S. Author of the Bampton Lectures for 1799, and late Master of the Academy, Soho Square. Second Edition. 2 Vols. 12mo. Price 9s.

We have devoted to the analyſis of this Eſſay on Education, a larger portion of our Journal, than two duodecimo volumes may at firſt view ſeem to be entitled to; becauſe it is our deliberate opinion that their author has in them diſcuſſed, in a moſt maſterly manner, ſubjects of the greateſt importance; ſubjects which muſt daily engage the attention of all Britiſh parents who occupy the middle and more elevated ſtations in ſociety. The future deſtiny of our country muſt in a great meaſure be regulated by the character and conduct of the riſing generation: we are, therefore, perſuaded, that we ſhall do good ſervice to the community, to which we have the happineſs to belong, by giving additional notoriety to Dr. Barrow's honorable attempt to ſtop the torrent of frivolity, by enforcing the neceſſity of the inculcation of ſound learning by the only method by which it can be inculcated—a recurrence to the ſtrictneſs of ancient diſcipline. *Imperial Review.*

The Eve of San Pietro. A Tale. 3 Vols. pp. 850. Price 10s. 6d.

The "Eve of San Pietro" is a cloſe and ſpirited imitation of the exquiſite paintings which have been produced by the magic pencil of Mrs. Radcliffe, in the Confeſſional of the Black Penitents, and the Myſteries of Udolpho. Many of the ſcenes and ſituations are well conceived, and well calculated to excite that reſtleſs intereſt which ſuffers not the reader's eye to repoſe till he has approached the concluding page. The author ſolicits public indulgence: ſhe will, if we miſtake not, meet with public approbation. The tale is very ſuperior to the common caſt of novels: but to analyze a fable, of which a principal merit is its complexity, would be a taſk ſcarcely leſs invidious than futile. *Imperial Review.*

Martial Effusions of Ancient Times; addressed to the Spartan Hosts, to excite them to Valour and Diſcipline, in their Conflicts with the Messenians: and prescribed as permanent Recitations, by the Republic of Lacedemon, to inspire their Youth with warlike Sentiments. From the Fragments of Tyrtæus. pp. 19. Price 1s.

We have ſeldom ſeen a greater degree of merit in ſo ſmall a compaſs. The tranſlator has not given us his name; though we apprehend that his readers, in general, will think with us, that theſe "Effuſions" would have done him credit as a poet and true patriot. *Imperial Review.*

The Wonders of the Microscope; being an Illustration of the Wonders of the Creation in the minuter Parts of Nature. Embellished with several exceedingly large and curious Plates. pp. 180. *Price* 2*s.* 6*d.*

We have in this ſmall volume a neat and very intereſting compendium of the diſcoveries made by the microſcope. The deſign of the author is good, the execution of the work merits our applauſe, and its tendency is excellent: the minds of the young cannot be impreſſed at too early an age, with the wonders of creating power. *Imperial Review.*

Indian Recreations; conſiſting chiefly of Strictures on the domeſtic and rural Economy of the Mahommedans and Hindoos. By the Rev. William Tennant, LL. D. &c. 2 *Vols.* 8*vo.* 18*s. Boards.*

Many important projects of improvement are interſperſed among theſe entertaining and valuable letters, which contain much amuſement for the general reader, and much inſtruction worthy of the practical attention both of the ſubject and of the ruler. They will add to the information of the merchant, the farmer, the geographer, and the ſtatiſt. They mix the uſeful with the agreeable; and may be compared with a diſh of curry, for the variety of their ingredients, and the racineſs of their ſeaſoning. *Critical Review.*

Anthropaideia, (Anthropopaideia,) or a Tractate on general Education. By Andrew Cowan, M. D. 2 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 8*s. Boards.*

We could, with pleaſure, make many copious extracts from this work; for in every part there is a fund of inſtruction, that may be of use both to the teacher and the ſtateſman. The remarks on the excellence of muſic, its uſe in exciting devotion, and the evident defects from the want of it in one ſect of Chriſtians, ſhow an intimate acquaintance with the ſubject, and deſerve the peculiar attention of that ſect, as well as of others who have a repugnance to inſtrumental muſic in their places of worſhip. *Critical Review.*

The Pride of Ancestry; or, Who is She? A Novel. By Mrs. Thompson, Author of Exceſſive Senſibility, &c. 4 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 16*s. Boards.*

This is an entertaining little novel, in the style of Mrs. Smith: Gower and Godolphin are at least twin brothers. The plot (except to experienced eyes) is artfully, perhaps artificially, involved, and unfolded with ſufficient skill; while the different under-parts are properly ſubſervient to the principal. On the whole, the work is ſufficiently intereſting to retain its rank on the ſhelves of the circulating-library, the acme probably of Mrs. Thompson's ambition: a very few only of these paſſing ſpectres arrive at immortality. *Critical Review.*

The Barons of Felsheim; a Romance. From the French of Pigault Le Brun, Author of My Uncle Thomas, Monsieur Botte, &c. 3 Vols. 12mo. 12s. Boards.

We have been highly entertained with these volumes. The bustling *étourderie* of Brandt, his honesty, his fidelity, and affection, render him so interesting a personage, that the hero, and even Baltide, are secondary characters. Brandt is, however, a copy only of Corporal Trim; but in more difficult situations, with more activity, and superior resources. We, indeed, scarcely lose him for a minute; and when he is not on the stage, the drama languishes. The conclusion is not equally interesting, and the character of Sophia hangs heavily. All the author's spirit and exertions are exhausted in his favorite. The descriptions are rapid, animated, and excellent. We are hurried involuntarily along: we can ask no questions, and sometimes scarcely dare to breathe.

Critical Review.

The Stranger in France; or, a Tour from Devonshire to Paris. Illustrated by Engravings in Aqua Tinta, of Sketches taken on the Spot. By John Carr, Esq. 4to. pp. 261.

Among the most pleasing of those who have attempted to delineate the modern French, we willingly rank Mr. Carr, whose work we have read with pleasure, and recommend with confidence. The narrative is lively and pleasing, and the language, in general, easy, perspicuous, and appropriate. On the whole, we may safely recommend the present work as an entertaining production; being written with liberality of sentiment, and not made the vehicle of petty invective and malignant aspersion. *Universal Magazine.*

The Military Mentor; being a Series of Letters recently written by a General Officer to his Son, on his entering the Army: comprising a Course of elegant Instruction, calculated to unite the Characters and Accomplishments of the Gentleman and the Soldier. 2 Vols. small 8vo.

From the variety of the materials before us, we should find no difficulty in forming a very ample and entertaining review; but as the whole collection justly merits the strongest recommendation, and the most extensive circulation, we shall confine ourselves within due limits, and only exhibit such striking proofs of their superior excellence, as may excite all young Officers (more especially) to study every letter with the greatest attention. As the instructions are supported by facts recorded in ancient and modern history, the two volumes are replete with anecdotes calculated to animate exertion, to inspire bravery and fortitude, to discountenance vice, and to promote virtue. *European Magazine.*

The Apollonian Wreath.

LINES

Written on seeing the Hair of a deceased young Lady hanging in a Hair-dresser's Window.

HOW little thought the lovely fair
That own'd this beauteous lock of hair,
It e'er to this would come!
Too plain the fatal cause appears—
'Midst pleasing hopes, and youthful years,
Snatch'd to an early tomb.

It hangs as if it seem'd to mourn,
That the rude scissars should have torn
It from its proud abode;
As conscious that it ne'er should deck,
In wanton pride, a face, or neck,
Like that where once it flow'd.

Ah! what avails the pains and care
So oft she us'd to comb it fair,
And keep it safe from harm?
Those radiant eyes—that lovely face,
Which gave this ringlet such a grace,
Have lost their pow'r to charm.

Yet though those charms, devoid of art,
Which in Love's fetters bound each heart,
Are sunk in Death's embrace:
What pity that the grave should hide
What once again may be the pride
Of some less lovely face!

Though that fair head where once it grew,
Where once it shone with glossy hue,
In Death's dark vault is plac'd;
It still may shine in Fashion's rays,
Encircled with the diamond's blaze,
With nodding feathers grac'd.

It may—if so ordain'd by Fate—
Be frizz'd and curl'd upon the pate
Of some half-witted beau!
Or, far more highly honored,
Adorn a Lord Chief Juſtice' head,
And down his shoulders flow.

And e'en when long with service worn,
Its powder lost, and curls all torn,
It scarce can hold together,
'Tmay then—O degradation great!—
Serve to secure a beggar's pate
From stormy winds and weather!

Yet this shall end—as all things must—
Till levell'd with its native dust
Upon the ground 'tis tost;
And like the head where firſt it grew,
It lies and rots conceal'd from view,
And all its honors lost.

Islington. W. W.

SONG.

CEASE, fair Hannah, weep no more,
Hush thy grief to rest;
'Tis thy mother doth implore;
Cease, and make her blest.

Soon thy William will return;
Hope inspires my lay;
War's red torch shall cease to burn,
Peace shall guide his way.—

Hannah's parent hop'd in vain;
Death had laid him low;
Ne'er can William feel again
Life's reviving glow.

Hannah droop'd her aching head,
Nought on earth could save;
Soon she sought the silent dead,
Soon she found her grave!

August 2nd, 1804 J. M. L.

SURE

SURE MINE'S A WRETCHED LOT.

WHITE sand I cry, white sand I sell,
And dig it far from hence;
With sorrow oft my heart will swell,
When Winter's moſt intense.

A poor, deserted orphan boy,
Nor friends, nor home I've got;
I scarcely know the name of joy;
Sure mine's a wretched lot.

I scorn to beg, I would not steal;
A penny justly turn'd
Is better, though I want a meal,
Than guineas badly earn'd.

So round the town my sand I cry;
My shoes are worn and bad;
I hope, kind friends, my sand you'll buy,
And make my heart most glad.

August 2nd, 1804. J. M. L.

SONG.

WHY glisten those brilliants with dew-drops of pain?
Does pangs of remembrance that bosom sustain?
Though clouds dark and dreary portentous appear,
New prospects shall open, the future to cheer—
With fondest affection thy sorrow I'd share,
Give zest to each pleasure, and sooth ev'ry care.

Why think of the friends who, while fortune was kind,
Would flatter those beauties of body and mind?
When Fortune withdrew, who pass'd coldly thy door?
Of such think with scorn—or ne'er think of them more!
In vain my affection thy sorrow would share,
Give zest to each pleasure, partake ev'ry care.

Tho' fate may preclude, ah! the tenderest tie,
Sympathizing, my heart at thy sufferings shall sigh;
Watch each soft emotion thy bosom may know,
Now melt at thy grief, at thy rapture now glow;
Thy sorrow, thy rapture, how gladly I'd share,
Give zest to each pleasure, and sweeten each care!

J. J. S.

CELIA.

THOUGH Celia's fair—so very fair
Fastidious Fancy can't improve her,
And kind as lovely—much I fear
To love her; dearly as I love her.

For she, in dogmas drawn from schools,
Replies, when I from Nature speak:
She talks of Aristotle's rules,
And I can't read a word of Greek.

I mention love—and she says, Knowledge
Can tell its length, and breadth, and height.
I say, the Church—she cries, The College
Alone gives protestations weight.

I'm sure she loves—her heart is warm—
But I'm a clown, and unrefin'd—
And I can't wed a female form
Unless it boast a female mind.

G. S.

TO CHLOE.

'TIS a trifle, dear girl, therefore grant it;
Your every-day lovers ask more;
And what is a kiss?—when you want it,
I'll willingly rub off the score.

You girls are such kind cruel creatures,
You see what your lovers endure;
And then, with sweet pitiful features,
You kill with pretending to cure.

No! I *won't* kiss you coldly relenting,
For *only* your lip love imparts;
Nothing like the delicious consenting,
And clasping and kissing of hearts.

On taking up a Violet which a Lady had placed in her Bosom, and afterwards thrown away.

SWEET victim of Chloe's disdain!
Neglected to wither and fade!
Yet loveliest once of the train
That enamel yon moss-bedded shade.

The

The odorous zephyrs of spring
Encircled thy infantine bloom;
The south, on ambrosial wing,
To Chloe convey'd thy perfume.

Ah why so malicious, sweet breeze,
My favorite thus to betray;
To the lovely destroyer of ease,
Why didst thou its odours convey?

Yet, vernal diffuser of sweets,
I envy the lot that was thine;
For, snatch'd from those verdant retreats,
Thou went to a region divine.

Yes, the bosom of Chloe's divine;
Thence Cupid oft whirls his keen dart;
And, ah! what a Heaven was thine
So near to the lovely one's heart!

But fragile is bliss upon earth,
And maidens, how fickle are they!
Scarce had thy elysium birth,
But the lovely one cast thee away.

Neglected my favorite dies:
No; for Chloe's dear sake, and for thine,
I'll recall thy lost bloom with my sighs,
Oft breath'd for that maid so divine.

Clare, STREPHON.
July 6th, 1804.

COMPOSED WHILE BATHING.

LONG, long has been Aurora's mantle spread,
And long has silver Luna been in bed;
The shelving waves, retiring from the shore,
Obsequious on the distant beach now roar;
The sighs of sea-nymphs gently swell these waves,
Who feel Love's pow'r within their coral caves.
Come then, my Laura, poor Octavia's friend,
Let thy white arms some kind assistance lend,
To lave my limbs in this pure element,
To cheer my mind, and bring my soul content:
For while I wanton play in Neptune's bed,
I often wonder where my cares are fled.
To my sad soul forgetfulness it brings,
And makes me fancy these are Lethe's springs.
This head, which sinks with woe on downy pillow,
Can find more ease reposing on a billow.

Here, gentle Laura, let me ever live;
Amphibious would I be, and cease to grieve;
But playing 'midst the sand, I'll pass the day;
In rocks and caves I'll wear the night away.
But I must now, alas! return on earth,
Must meet the scenes that gave my sorrows birth:
Let me increase these waters with a tear;
The next must drop on dear Lothario's bier;
Yes, many tears the much-lov'd corpse shall lave,
And many more descend upon his grave.
Laura, sustain a wild romantic maid!
Let me on bed of sea-weed dank be laid—
Its chillness shall allay my burning brain:
I cannot yet return on earth again!

THE WANDERING OCTAVIA.

In her 17th Year.

CAROLINE.

OH, Time—glide on—Oh, end my woe,
Assuage this troubled breast.
Come on, hard Fate, and strike thy blow,
And send my soul to rest.

Blow on, ye winds—thou howling storm,
Congeal my chilling blood,
On these rough rocks, where *Edward's* arm
Once snatch'd me from the flood.

The cat'racts roar, the surges foam;
What woe—what grief is mine!
Ah, here shall be the peaceful tomb
Of wretched Caroline.

When last we met—he kiss'd—he swore
He lov'd me ever dear:
He press'd—he sigh'd—the love he bore,
Oh it was—sure sincere.

But now he's gone—and Caroline
No more that voice will hear;
No more that form I once call'd mine
My throbbing heart can cheer.

He's gone—he's dead—he cannot hear—
Oh, earth, here let me lie —
Ye rocks, that doth his name endear,
Beneath your shade I'll die.

Durham,
August 10th, 1804.

PERCIVAL.

THE RUSTICS.

"O TELL me, neighbour William, O tell me what to do—
" I love a little maiden, I love her very true;
" But when I doff my cap to her, she passes with a frown,
" And then with Spruce, the barber, goes flaunting through the
" town."

" I'll tell thee, simple Simon! I'll tell thee how to act;
" Thou must dock thy lanky hair, man, and let thy shoes be
" black'd;
" And wash thy face, that she may see if it be fair or brown;
" For how dost think a maiden fair can love a dirty clown?

" Then throw thy greasy jacket by, and get a smart new coat,
" And let a cleaner handkerchief be tied about thy throat:
" Go burn thy cap, and in its stead put on thy Sunday hat—
" And soon (I'll wager) that for thee her heart goes pit-a-pat."

" I thank thee, neighbour, kindly, and owe thee much good
" will;
" Tho' thy advice be somewhat sharp, I do not take it ill.
" If doing all that thou hast said, will win my dearest Fan,
" Adzookers, Will! thou soon shalt see thy friend another man.

" For I will be new shaven, and sport my Sunday geer,
" And if I meet with Spruce, O I'll give him such a leer!
" Then soon as I am wed to Fan, how happy shall I be!
" She'll care no more for Barber Spruce, and—*Only think o' me.*"

SUSAN.

TO MY BED.

THOUGH great thy different powers appear,
To raise the sigh, or check the tear,
Replete with joy and sorrow,
To-day thy bosom shall contain
Exulting pleasures,—fleeting train!
Desponding grief to-morrow.

Yet know 'tis not thy downy throne,
'Tis not thy soft embrace alone,
The troubled breast composes;
For whate'er dress thy shape adorns,
'Tis vice that makes the bed of thorns,
And virtue that of roses.

E. N.

ODE

ODE TO TRUTH,

BY MR. HACKETT.

I.

SUN of dark Error's dreary shade,
Whose hues with deepen'd tinge pervade
That spark, the human mind,
Gild with thy streaming rays my soul,
And 'neath thy piercing bright controul
Preserve it still confin'd.

II.

Teach me to fly the serpent-ways
Of dire Deception's misty maze,
And point to where they lie,
That I may shun each tangling snare,
Her vile dissembling arts prepare,
And all her schemes defy.

III.

Illum'd by thy irradiate pow'r,
May I devote each golden hour
To some illustrious sage;
On wings of fire with Milton soar,
Or with depictless rapture pore
On Locke's enlight'ning page!

IV.

Heir of the skies! inform my mind
The mode of faith which Heav'n design'd
For man's celestial guide:
Is it the pomp of glittering show,
Where odorous streams of incense flow,
And melting anthems glide?

V.

Or is the simply-proffer'd vow,
Warm to the heart's enthusiast glow,
In yon expanse preferr'd,
Beyond the gaudy forms of earth,
Whose spangles boast internal worth,
And awe the suppliant herd?

VI.

What purple seas of human gore
Have deeply delug'd ev'ry shore,
And all their horrors lent!
Armies have rang'd the hostile field,
Array'd in Superstition's shield,
On blood and carnage bent!

VII.

Yet, when the murd'rers dar'd to stain
With floods of life th' embattled plain,
They then would bless thy word;
For thee declare they furious fought,
And deem their wreaths of conquest wrought
By thee, who never err'd.

VIII.

'Twas impious thus to brand thy name
With deeds that blast thy spotless fame,
Who art so mild and fair;
For sweetness marks thy placid face,
And ev'ry feature bears a grace
Which thou alone canst wear!

IX.

Truth! at thy shrine I bend my knee,
And swear eternal faith to thee
In accents most sincere;
For I'm a pilgrim on my way,
And seek to walk beneath thy ray
While journeying onward here.

Temple.

THE STORM.

FAST flow'd the white surges, the loud billows roar'd,
And o'er the high mountains the thunder roll'd deep;
In torrents the rain from the dark Heavens pour'd,
When Susan, sad Susan, awoke from her sleep.

When high o'er the mountains she view'd the big wave,
The bark, now toss'd high, and now sunk in the deep,
"O, Father of Mercies!" she cry'd "my love save;"
And, fix'd in wild horror, she stood on the steep.

The sea-gulls fled quick from the deep hollow cave,
Whilst the rocks echo'd back the deep murmuring sound;
The light'nings' blue flashes still mix'd with the wave,
And horror and darkness were spread all around.

The storm still increas'd—when, hapless to tell,
The vessel was lost in the white-foaming wave:
"I come, my lov'd Edward;" then headlong she fell,
And found with her lover a watery grave.

CHARLOTTE.

THE

THE VILLAGE MAID,

A BALLAD.

Written at Twelve Years old.

ACROSS the fields in spring, one morn,
I met a damsel fair:
"Oh! why in haste, my lovely maid?
"Thy looks seem full of care."

"My name is Emma"—she reply'd:
"I live near yonder glade:
"Once Henry did endear the scene,
"Once Henry's village maid.

"Soon as the dewy eve came on,
"We'd hie to yonder mead,
"With village maids, and village swains,
"To hear my Henry's reed.

"But, Oh! too soon I saw him torn
"From one who held him dear.
"He said, 'Fair Emma, do not grieve,'
"And wip'd the starting tear.

'My country now demands my aid;
'From thee I must depart;
'Yet while I'm absent, thou shall be
'Still dearer to my heart!'

"Ah! now I feel how hard it is
"Love's anguish to endure:
"My bosom oft with sorrow heaves—
"Ah! none but he can cure.

"To yonder mead forlorn I stray,
"Where oft we us'd to rove;
"'Tis there I sigh the livelong day;
"'Tis there I learnt to love.

"There will I seat me by the stream
"That murmurs thro' the glade,
"And watch till Henry shall return
"To cheer his village maid."

W. C.

LINES

On receiving a Card of Invitation, containing the Significant Words,

"At Home."

IN days of yore, 'twas nothing strange
For damsels ne'er from home to range;
But *now* 'tis so uncommon grown,
'Tis requisite to make it known
That they (O wonder!) for a day
Intend, for once, *at home* to stay!

L. E. T.

LINES

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

Composed during a Storm.

I.

THE heavy clouds, one vast mass forming,
On the plains their waters pour;
Dreadful winds, the heart appalling,
Through the leafy woodlands roar.

II.

Hark! that awful peal of thunder,
Yet again, how loud it breaks!
Vivid light'nings flash through ether,
And Earth to her foundation shakes.

III.

Yet amidst this wild commotion,
While terror every sense alarms,
Sweetly sleeps my infant cherub,
Cradled in his mother's arms.

IV.

My darling, may thy future slumbers
Be calm, serene, and pure as now;
Nor guilt nor fell remorse pursue thee,
To cloud thy now untroubled brow.

V.

And when life's tempests howl around thee,
Vexing the quiet of thy breast,
Should love betray, or anger wound thee,
May reason charm thy grief to rest.

VI.

Still may her silent dictates teach thee
Truth and virtue's peerless ways:
Then, smiling 'midst the threaten'd danger,
Peace shall crown my William's days.

Isleworth. ANN KENDALL.

THE

THE COMPLAINT OF CASCARILLA.

AN AMERICAN BALLAD.

THE fairest cedar of the grove
Arose less beauteous than my love;
The pride of all our Indian youth,
For valor, constancy, and truth.

His eyes were bright as morning dew,
His lips the Nepal's* crimson hue;
His teeth, the silver plume so white
That wings the spotless bird† of night.

For me th' unerring lance he threw,
For me the stedfast bow he drew;
Chac'd the fleet roe thro' mead and wood,
Or lur'd the tenants of the flood.

Mine was the spoil, the trophies mine,
The choicest skins my cot to line;
While for the youth a wreath I wove,
With flow'rs new gather'd from the grove.

But, ah! those happy hours are fled;
I weep my dear Panama dead!
The clang of war his bosom fir'd;
He fought—was conquer'd—and expir'd.

Untomb'd—unshelter'd—lo! he lies:
No maid to close his faded eyes,
With flow'rs to deck his mournful bier,
Or greet his ashes with a tear!

* The plant on which the cochineal is nourished; its blossoms are of a beautiful red.

† The American owl, of a delicate white, equal to snow.

Correspondence, &c.

We must take the Liberty of acquainting the Correspondent who transmitted it, that a single Word like Grace *cannot be a Charade, as that Term is commonly applied. Charades are formed of Compounds, as Pen-knife, Rose-bud, Sea-fowl, &c.*

If the fair "Susan" *will favor the Editor with an Address, by which a Letter may reach her, her Queries shall be answered.*

Verses sent with a "Present of Books" *are too prosaic.*

The Editor cannot but have a wish to see any Pieces written by the young Lady who sent the "Sonnet to the Moon."

We are afraid the "Poem on Napoleon's Emperorship" *will appear rather flat to many Readers, after* Mr. Hackett's Ode *on the same Subject, Page* 136.

Mackenzie sc.

Viscountess Melville.

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